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A New Chance for the U.N.

WHILE the four Foreign Ministers drift towards deadlock in Geneva, history is being made at the U.N. From its inception, America has been the arbiter of its destinies. Each year, teams of bored delegates have watched massive majorities lined up behind the American drill-sergeants. Today, there is a new feeling in the air. By a series of blunders, America has precipitated a crisis. For since the unofficial agreement of 1946, one seat on the Security Council has always been allotted to an east European power. This year, Mr. Cabot Lodge, the American delegate, made a personal promise to President Romulo to support the candidacy of the Philippines. His reason for doing so—that the non-Commonwealth Asian powers were under-represented on the Council—is irrelevant and disingenuous in view of America's attitude to Communist China. And the consequences of his policy have proved disastrous. Russia, by promptly dropping her own candidate, Poland, and throwing herself behind Britain's candidate, Yugoslavia, has split the Assembly vote into two halves. Both Britain and America are too deeply committed to withdraw their candidates, and after three weeks of repeated ballots, the matter will now have to be settled by some long-term bargaining.

This bargaining will prove extremely costly to America. Canada, with the support of Britain and Russia, has now suggested that the Security Council should discuss, at the earliest opportunity, the admission of 18 new members to the Assembly. In the past, America has strongly opposed such a mass admission—and with good reason. Today, however, it provides the only way in which the present deadlock can be solved without loss to her dignity. The new admissions would allow the strength of the Security Council to be increased from 11 to 13. The enlarged Council would include two non-permanent Asian members—one "western" and one uncommitted—as well as the east European member. The present disagreement could then be solved immediately by the adoption of a third, compromise, candidate. If, as seems likely, America is forced to accept this formula, the effects will be just those which Washington wished to avoid. The dominance of the Latin-American bloc, on which the American majority has been based, will automatically end, and the consequent shift in the balance of power in the Assembly will strengthen the case for India's admission to a permanent seat on the Security Council. It may also advance the date when a representative of Peking will replace the delegate from Formosa.

Cold war tactics seem no longer to be a paying game. It would be wiser to try the so-called "spirit of Geneva"—which is merely the new approach to international affairs, compelled by the explosive reality of the H-bomb. This cannot be brought out and flourished for a few brief weeks in Geneva and then packed up in moth-balls. It must be applied by all the great powers, conscientiously, wherever it is applicable, at the U.N. and in the Middle East, as well as in Europe. But there is a corollary: America must now realise that the days when the West could mobilise its U.N. majorities at will are over. Henceforth, they will be faced with increasingly independent attitudes from the smaller nations in the Assembly; and they will be forced to negotiate for their majorities, using the weapons of world public opinion.

The West has attempted to compensate for the *impasse* on the Security Council by using the General Assembly, where there is no Soviet veto. Its mastery of the Assembly is now slipping; and it looks as if it may be in the interests of all the powers to make the Security Council function. In that case, decisions will once again be taken in the Security Council, while the Assembly—losing, perhaps, some of its tactical importance—will become a genuine forum of world opinion to which the great powers will feel obliged to listen with respect.

Comments on the Week's News

Deadlock at Geneva?

As expected, the Four Power talks are moving placidly towards deadlock, at least on the principal items on the agenda. Nevertheless, the new European security plan which Mr. Molotov outlined on Monday provides food for careful thought. In one respect, it marks a significant attempt to meet western wishes: the new security pact would not preclude the existence either of Nato or the Warsaw Pact "for an indefinite period"—a sign that Russia has at last realised that West German membership of Nato, at least for the time being, is largely notional since the famous 12 divisions will take a long time to create. The plan in its present form, however, is unacceptable in that it makes no provision for the reunification of Germany on the basis of free elections. Moreover, Mr. Molotov failed in his further speech on Wednesday to repair this omission; and until he proposes that acceptance of the security plan should be followed by free elections within *some* reasonable period, serious negotiations can scarcely be resumed. In the meantime, it should be noted that the conference has served to clear the air and outline the alternatives which face the west in a much sharper form. They must now either reconcile themselves to the existing division, or accept a security pact which would eventually lead to a re-unified but neutralised Germany. Much, of course, will depend on the meaning of "eventually," and here there is clearly room for negotiation; but the basic choice remains unaltered. Russia is not prepared to accept a reunified, rearmed Germany in Nato; and, in view of the real balance of power in Europe, it is difficult to see how she can be expected to do so. By prolonging the present situation, the West is giving Russia time to complete the socialisation of East Germany's economy, to efface the memory of the Berlin riots, and to speed up the movement of opinion away from the west in the Federal Republic. Indeed, the time may come, sooner or later, when Russia will be able to concede all that the West asks for and still achieve her principal aims in central Europe. Here, as in the Middle East, the West must get a move on.

Morocco Comes of Age

Ben Youssef's triumphant reception in Paris, the formal abdication of Ben Arafa, the haste with which the Regency Council has made its submission, and the decision of Ben Slimane, the new premier, to take his orders from Ben Youssef, have made the ex-Sultan's return to the Moroccan throne inevitable. The new situation has, in fact if not in name, been accepted by the Government: what remains to be decided is the date at which Ben Youssef will return to Rabat. November 18, the anniversary of his accession, has been suggested, and it was in order to discuss this that M. Pinay returned to Paris on Tuesday. Hence the wheel has turned full cycle and the last vestiges of the August, 1953, *coup d'état* have been removed. There is, however, a significant difference: during the two-year crisis, Morocco, in a very real sense, has come of age as a nation. By expelling the Sultan, the French provided a focal point for Moroccan nationalism which had never existed before. The old divisions between Arabs and Berbers, on which French rule has always been based, are rapidly disappearing; and El Glaoui's decision to submit to Ben Youssef was more than a cynical move of a wily politician: it was his formal acceptance of a new political fact—Moroccan unity. The provisions of the Aix agreement are now clearly out of date, and the French will be rapidly forced to grant Morocco a status similar to that so grudgingly accorded to Tunisia earlier this year. Ben Youssef, indeed, is aiming even higher. Our Paris Correspondent writes that when the Sultan saw M. Pinay this week he stated that he would not return to Rabat until the French Government made a formal declaration granting Morocco complete internal sovereignty. The price of French refusal would clearly be the renewal of disturbances on an ever-increasing scale. Ben Youssef, doubtless, will be prepared to temper his demands when it comes to the point. But his statement should remove any doubt in the minds of the French Government as to how much they lost by removing M. Grandval, and delaying the application of his policies.

The Vietnam Pooh Bah

Mr. Dinh Diem has once more demonstrated his political strategy. Today he is not only President of the newly created republic of South Vietnam, but its Prime Minister, its Defence Minister and Supreme Commander of its armed forces. Having already eliminated or broken the power of a variety of political and army cliques which opposed him, he stage-managed the referendum two weeks ago and secured a majority of more than 90 per cent. (only half the people voted) for the deposition of Bao Dai. With his position legalised, and recognised by eight countries already, Mr. Diem, extravagantly backed by America, may very well feel stronger to refuse any discussions with North Vietnam as laid down by the Geneva armistice agreement. The possibility of any Vietnam unification elections next July is made even more remote; and French newspapers are already referring to Vietnam as a second Korea and comparing Mr. Diem with Syngman Rhee.

Human Wrongs in Unesco

As director-general of Unesco, Dr. Luther Evans has, once again, been condemned by an international tribunal for injustice to members of his staff. Four women whom he was found to have wrongfully dismissed have been awarded damages totalling £10,000. This with three previous judgments against him brings his "fines" this year to £25,000. Three of the cases before the administrative tribunal of the International Labour Organisation, Unesco's court of appeal, concerned three U.S. citizens, Miss Ruth Froma, Mrs. Kathryn Pankey and Miss Helene van Gelder. As in three previous cases, involving David Leff, Peter Duberg and Mrs. Annette Wilcox, the reason for their dismissal was that they declined an invitation to appear before a U.S. loyalty board. This second set of dismissals followed immediately upon the previous judgment of the I.L.O. tribunal and after the Unesco "house" tribunal had found that they were good workers and loyal members of the staff. It was admitted before the I.L.O. tribunal that Dr. Evans had been instructed to get rid of the three staff members concerned by visiting American congressmen. The implications of this situation were underlined by the appeals tribunal. Here were international civil servants who, like the director-general himself, had taken an international oath to resist pressures from their own governments and who were being dismissed for maintaining their "exclusively international responsibilities." By admitting the right of the U.S. to bring an accusation of disloyalty against American citizens in these circumstances, the director-general had, according to the tribunal, established a precedent by which at the behest of any of the 74 member-governments of Unesco he would have to "withdraw his confidence" from members of his staff. In strongest terms, the tribunal condemned this behaviour, confirmed the rights of international civil servants in matters of conscience, and awarded damages.

NEXT WEEK

Wine Supplement

A symposium on wine drinking

Trade Unions and the Budget

During the first nine months of this year, according to the Ministry of Labour, nearly 11½ million workers—that is, half the total labour force—received wage-advances amounting to rather more than £4½ million a week, or about 8s. a head. These figures are well ahead of those for the corresponding period of last year, when rather under 8½ million workers got average advances of about 6s. Before the autumn budget it was doubtful how hard the numerous trade unions which are already in the field with further claims would decide to press their case; but now the budget changes and, even more, Mr. Sandys's announcement about housing subsidies and coming legislation on rents, seem to have settled the matter beyond a doubt. Trade unionists would be more or less than human if they failed to take up the challenge the Government has thrown down. Indeed, they have no alternative unless they are to acquiesce in what are plainly the first steps in a campaign to put an end to full employment and to bring real wages down on the plea that the economy cannot afford them. The miners are already in the field, not only with their four-point programme but also with further wage demands. The engineers and shipbuilders—the most numerous group of all—are also well to the front of the queue; and it is a reasonable expectation, despite Mr. Butler's meeting this week with the T.U.C. General Council, that practically every group of workers will before long join in.

Magistrates and Reform

Heavy pressure on space precluded any mention last week of the powerful support given by a resolution of the Magistrates' Association to the already strong case for reform in the abortion laws. This demanded statutory form, first, for the 1939 judgment in *Bourne's* case, allowing the termination of pregnancies dangerous to health as well as to "life," and secondly, for a new doctrine that would exonerate the surgeon who operates in the belief that the child might be born "incapable of normal physical or mental development." It is gravely unsatisfactory that the whole situation should depend, as it does now, upon judicial interpretations of the word "unlawfully" in section 58 of the Offences Against the Person Act, 1861.

This resolution, though it was strenuously opposed, may go some way to redeem this year's

Magistrates' Association meeting from the reactionary position it favoured on other questions, notably that of the homosexual offender. The reported speeches suggested that all homosexual offences were believed to be of the kind that at present expose to life imprisonment!

The New Oxford Plan

In the face of a great volume of authoritative criticism from all over the world, the Oxford City Council has done well to amend its plan for the "inner ring road". The original scheme for a by-pass cutting through Christ Church Meadow and another traversing the southern end of the University Parks beside the science laboratories has been abandoned. In its place, the general purposes committee will (by a comfortable majority) recommend to the Council next Monday a northern road running from the Lamb and Flag public house in St. Giles, across the Merton and New College cricket grounds, to the Marston Road and Headington Hill; and a southern road branching off from the Abingdon Road, crossing the Isis south of the university boathouse and running along Jackdaw Lane to the Iffley Road. When the new roads are completed, very stringent restrictions would be placed on traffic in the High Street and on Magdalen Bridge and its approaches. The new scheme is infinitely preferable to the old one. Even so it will not be unopposed. An amendment will be moved on Monday proposing that the northern road should be shifted about a quarter of a mile further north, to run from Norham Road to Jackstraws Lane. But this suggestion, though it has something to commend it, is open to the objection that once again it would disturb the tranquillity of the laboratories. Another amendment—to delete all the restrictions on traffic using Magdalen Bridge—seems less worthy. Any solution to the Oxford traffic problem must do some disservice to purely local interests, especially in The High. But the Oxford shopkeeping community would do well to remember that their common and overriding interest is the preservation of Oxford as a national heritage; and public opinion will support both the local authority and the Ministry of Planning in any restrictions which are necessary to preserve the city's unique amenities.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Bonn

Who Follows Adenauer?

Our Bonn Correspondent writes: Will Adenauer come back? He most certainly intends to. He is an impatient patient eager to be back in office, trying to govern by telephone from his sickbed, and resolutely holding up major decisions lest they be taken in his absence. Maybe he will succeed, for he has a tough constitution and every resource of modern medicine is at his service; but even recovery will involve a long convalescence in the south.

The expectation in political circles is not so much now that Adenauer will die, as that he will become an absentee Chancellor, unwilling to resign but unable to resume his full and uninterrupted functions; and speculation at the moment is concerned less with his succession than with arrangements for carrying on while his Chancellorship becomes more or less nominal. At the moment none exist. Adenauer's position has become far more like than of an American President than of a British Prime Minister. There is no real cabinet system; there is not even a Vice-president, as in America. The Vice-Chancellor, Herr Blucher, is a Free Democrat, with little authority even in his own smallish party; he ceased to be its leader two years ago. He could not possibly step into Adenauer's shoes. Adenauer's real deputy at the moment is his Under-Secretary of State, Herr Globke, a civil servant without constitutional standing. There is now talk of creating a small cabinet council to take the place of the Chancellor during his absence. This would be a real revolution, for modern Germany has never known government by committee; and it may not come off, for even the sick and absent Adenauer may be strong enough to veto it.

As for a possible successor, the field of candidates is small and unpromising. Any successor would have to be a Christian Democrat, as the Christian Democrats have an absolute majority in the Bundestag, and there will be no new election before 1957. There are four possibles: Schæffer, the Minister of Finance; von Brentano, the Foreign Minister; Erhard, the Minister of Economics; Arnold, the Minister President of North Rhine-Westphalia. The last two are hardly more than outsiders. Herr Schæffer, the most senior Minister in the present government, a tough little man in his late sixties, is an able administrator and an experienced parliamentarian; he might make a good politicians' Chancellor. His chief drawback is lack of international experience. In this respect Herr von Brentano is stronger. He has come up a great deal in the last few months. Like Adenauer himself in former years, he has greatly increased his prestige by a successful recent visit to the U.S. Unlike Adenauer, he also gets on well with the Social-Democrats. But his reputation is relatively new, and he has enemies within his own party.

In any case, an interregnum is inevitable. The present government is exhausted politically as well as physically. By the time a new Bundestag is elected in summer, 1957, we may see a wholly changed political picture.

Paris

The Importance of M. Herriot

Our Paris Correspondent writes: Last Sunday afternoon, the crucial debate on the electoral law opened in the Assembly. At the same hour, in the Town Hall at Lyons, Edouard Herriot celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his entry into politics. It is significant that M. Mendès-France, M. Faure and every other influential Radical chose to attend the second ceremony. Their reason for doing so was not so much their undoubted esteem for the veteran Radical leader as the importance they attach to the Radical Party Congress which begins this Friday in Paris.

Early elections are now regarded as inevitable. The Opposition can, in the last resort, delay them for a few weeks, but it is now most unlikely that the Assembly will sit until its natural term expires next June. It is becoming equally clear that, whatever electoral reform is adopted, the composition of the next Assembly will not differ significantly from the present one, and that the old "Republican" parties will remain the arbiters of French political life. In these circumstances, control of the Radical Party—France's centre of political gravity—will decide, to a very great extent, the course of French Government over the next five years. Since May, M. Mendès-France has been its nominal leader. But his plans to change this nominal leadership into real parliamentary power have been based on creating a new inter-party movement of the Left—and for this he requires another six months of propaganda and electioneering.

Now that Mendès-France is pressed for time, his best strategy is to concentrate on strengthening his hold on the Radical Party. And to do this, the active assistance of Herriot is indispensable. At the moment, Mendès-France can count on the support of the party militants, but much less so on the leaders of the local federations; and among Radical deputies, only about one-third can be counted among his allies. If he were to be elected to the Presidency of the Radical Party at the Congress, this would assure him no more real power than he possesses at the moment. What he has decided to do, therefore, is to persuade Herriot to accept the Presidency again, and to appoint him as his principal assistant. This will enable him to control the party's policies, and, at the same time, the prestige of Herriot will make him immune from criticism and attack. Mendès-France therefore went to Lyons to persuade Herriot to accept the Presidency; M. Faure went with precisely the opposite intention. It seems that Mendès-France carried the day, and that Herriot will, in fact, be re-elected when the Congress meets. The success of Mendès-France's strategy will not, in all probability, allow him to exercise a decisive power in the choice of Radical candidates; but it will enable him to conclude a formal alliance with the Socialists, and it will transform him from a political individual into the established leader of the most influential "Republican" party. It will also help him to get the Congress to endorse the party programme he has drawn up, and make its adoption compulsory for all candidates.

Westminster

Sticks and Stones

As Herbert Morrison bumbled along in the opening speech of the censure debate, his audience filtered away like sand through an egg-timer. Certainly the egg cooked slowly. A whole hour and ten minutes! It was too much even for his opponents, who were enjoying themselves hugely for most of the time.

They got off to a good laugh when Morrison began by saying that he was moving a motion of censure put down by "certain leaders of the official Opposition." For however accurate this formal statement may have been, it had a pompous and ambiguous sound, awakening schizoid memories in the Labour back-benches and heartening the young Tories. Few of these had seen the Opposition Front Bench in a major action before. The more timid ones, imagining that Labour's leaders were all like Gaitskell, had prepared themselves to be eaten. Butler himself had already put on the martyr's mask which he wears so comfortably.

But the lion turned out to be a vegetarian. The Tories had a few hours of respite, and it wasn't till Dalton roared late at night that Labour benches recovered their passion. In the meantime, the Chancellor, putting aside his Sebastian air, moved in on the Opposition. He spoke as a realist, a man who makes hard decisions, one who would never bow to the electorate for party ends, and anyhow—what-about-you?

Yesterday's dejected young Tories—who, like American business men are so alike as to be

almost indistinguishable—were soon cock-a-hoop. They gave Butler an ovation of relief. In particular, his invitation to the T.U.C. to talk it over struck them as a master stroke. They could hardly be blamed in their euphoria for not foreseeing how before the week was over the trade unions would have accepted the invitation and told the Chancellor where he could get off.

On the Labour side, three private members made speeches which impressed those Tories who are anxious beyond their party advantage; they were Hamilton, Daines and Fred Lee, outstanding among the trade unionists. For the Liberals, Clement Davies did his familiar *adagio* dance on the slack wire, eventually disclosing, in reply to an interruption, that he would vote in favour of the censure motion.

Davies voted with the Socialists, although he supported the Chancellor personally. Many Tories would willingly have done the same, though for differing reasons. Boothby, for example, would have welcomed more protective planning. (This was a view echoed on Tuesday in the Lords during their debate on the economic situation.) And most Socialists would have argued with Hinchingbrooke and Legge-Bourke that, with full employment, a sales tax must be inflationary.

But these are matters of ratiocination for other times. A vote of censure is concerned, above all, with mood rather than with argument. And at the end of the day it was Dalton, the Blücher of the Left, who came thundering up to rout the Tories (leaving them the thin consolation of a statistical victory). In the 1945 Parliament, Dalton, lounging over the Despatch Box, wagging his finger at the Opposition and lecturing them in his cavernous voice, was the joy of the new back-benchers. He was their teacher and promoter. He reared a whole band of little Daltons. Then he scratched from what Butler called the Leadership Stakes, taking with him a reluctant string of ageing party spokesmen.

Now he was back on the stand, a surprise to the young Tories who'd never heard him, a delight to the Opposition who'd had a disappointing day. He was as good as new. When Eden rose in the crowded and excited Chamber to puff his reply, the psychological and political initiative which the Tory Budget and Hugh Gaitskell's inspiring attack on the Chancellor had given the Labour Movement was again in the Opposition's hands. They knew that tomorrow the facts would speak even louder than Dalton's voice or the Tory cheers of temporary relief.

MAURICE EDELMAN

The Triumph of the 1922 Committee

WITH one speech, Mr. Butler has re-created the Opposition and restored the two-party system. Personally, he may regret the decision to break up the tacit coalition between the two Front Benches—a united Labour Party and a critical T.U.C. can make formidable opponents—but he had little choice. His own party has become increasingly impatient with the "me-tooism" of recent years, and it sees, in the present "inflationary crisis," the excuse it needs for remodelling Britain to fit its social dogmas.

That is why this Budget is so important. As a way of solving the immediate difficulties in our balance of payments it may, or may not, prove successful. In fact, it seems to be designed less to deal with the economic situation than to re-shape the economy, and to make income rather than need the real regulator of our social system. Mr. Butler himself made this quite clear. Nothing stronger than phrases is suggested to inhibit private investment and profit-seeking. Practical steps are being taken to limit public enterprise and restrict the social services. At last, to the satisfaction of the 1922 Committee, the Government is preparing to wind up the "hand-out" State.

In this context, the decision to impose heavier and new purchase taxes makes sense. Mr. Butler is not so much interested in the revenue they will produce or, as he claims, in bringing home the seriousness of our trade position to every housewife. Until now, the purchase tax was weighted against luxuries and in favour of essentials; now that "social" discrimination has gone, the next stage must surely be to transform purchase tax into a general sales tax and, sometime between now and the next Budget, to abolish the bread and cut the food subsidies. In this Tory Utopia, the measure of a man's life is to be what he can earn, not what "the gentlemen in Whitehall" think is good for him.

Housing, naturally enough, has been selected as the main point of attack. The new policy announced by Mr. Butler and Mr. Sandys does not have much bearing on the balance of imports and exports. Mr. Butler cannot believe the nonsense talked at Bournemouth by such delegates as Major Robertson of Cowes, who argued that "two-thirds of the present inflation is due to the surplus money arising from housing subsidies." But the Government has yielded to influential pressure. Sir Harry Selley—who speaks for the Federation of Master Builders—has for months been insisting that "subsidies create an artificial demand for housing," and many Tories, as their record on local authorities shows, wish to see less public money spent on providing "beer and skittles" for the "inmates" of public housing. The private builders and the building societies want to see the skilled worker forced into house purchase; if he continues to pay rent, then the landlords want a larger slice of his weekly wage. "Artificial demand," therefore, must be pruned from the long waiting lists, by forcing council rents up to an "economic" level and by drastically cutting back council housing schemes.

The first step was to raise interest rates. The increases in the past year have already added seven shillings to the weekly rent of a house costing £1,700, and now local authorities are being driven on to the money market they will find that loans become dearer still and harder to get. Secondly, the general subsidy is to be cut, and then abolished save for slum clearance and New Towns. This means that councils can balance their housing accounts only if they spread the increased cost over all their houses, and if they do this they cannot avoid introducing some system of differential rents to protect the poorer tenants. Thirdly, to enforce Mr. Butler's new version of "fair shares," the Rent Acts must be revised to permit "economic" rents for privately owned houses: a free market in houses is being created just at the moment when the cut in council housing will add to the demand.

Thus ten million families face substantial increases in their rent in the next few months, and many of them must give up hope of a new house. Mr. Deedes, the Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Housing, may believe that this is "good for the morale of taxpayers and ratepayers who get no subsidy." But what is at issue here is not our morale, nor even the morality of our present system of rents, but the hard economic fact that rent restriction and subsidised rents have helped limit post-war wage demands. Now, these increases will be the direct equivalent of a wage-cut for millions of workers: either wages must be permitted to rise to offset it, or there will be serious industrial trouble. Which does Mr. Butler want—or expect? If he permits another round of wage advances, he makes nonsense of the claim that high wage rates are pricing us out of foreign markets. If he refuses, serious strikes may interfere with production. The industrial worker cannot be blamed if he follows the Chancellor's advice to help himself in the free-for-all.

Since Mr. Butler deliberately created this dilemma, he presumably has an answer ready for it—even if he has not yet chosen to disclose it. What else can restrain the trade unions in this new situation than the fear or the fact of unemployment? As the credit squeeze is intensified—and this is Mr. Butler's most potent weapon—and as the cut in local authority spending takes effect in other fields beside housing, men will start chasing jobs again. Once the Tory Party chose to impose what Mr. Morrison has called "its anti-social dogmas," a middle course became impossible. It can have full employment, and continuing inflation; or it can have a society in which the rules of supply and demand crudely allocate jobs, homes, telephones, TV sets and foodstuffs. For class reasons it has chosen the latter; and it now hopes to liquidate the "artificial shortages" created by "overfull demand," and thus solve our export crisis, our investment, housing and social service problems by pricing the working-class out of the market.

The Ring and the Book

RECENT correspondence in *The Times* and elsewhere has made the activities of the auction "ring," operated by booksellers and others, a matter of wide public interest, and indeed of mounting public indignation; and it has of necessity caused grave concern to those who have the good name of the British antiquarian book-trade at heart. In twenty-five years' bookcollecting, and as a former employee both of an antiquarian bookseller and a Fine Art auctioneer, I have had occasional opportunities to observe the "ring" at work, though no one who attends a country sale can be unaware of its existence; and I did not accept an invitation to write upon it without mature consideration. I have perhaps more understanding of, though I will not say sympathy with, some of its activities than many of those who have recently been violent in their denunciations. Although the booksellers are under fire at the moment, the practice is of course equally prevalent among all branches of the antique trade. From my observation I would say that the antique dealers are indeed more blatant about it than the booksellers. The former are often to be observed imperfectly concealed in the shrubbery intent upon defrauding some widow, while the latter normally conduct the same operation in the obscurity of a bar-parlour, or, in a recent case, a cricket pavilion.

A "ring" consists of a group of dealers who agree together before a sale to refrain from bidding against each other. The resulting lack of competition usually means that the lots are knocked down for sums far below their real value. The purchases are subsequently resold at a private auction, and the difference between the totals of the public and private sales is distributed among the participants as a dividend. Since the "ring"

collectively can afford to eliminate competition, it often operates almost unopposed and may well defraud the vendor of three-quarters of the value of the goods sold.

Such booksellers' combines are of considerable antiquity, certainly going back to the eighteenth century. Documentary evidence exists to show that a "ring" was operated by the English booksellers attending the Chardin sale in Paris in 1824, and at the Strawberry Hill sale of 1842. The practice, however, was not without its critics, even within the trade, during the nineteenth century, and the whole system was attacked in *The Bookseller* for May 2 and June 3, 1872. Public opinion gradually led to legislation to protect vendors and the "ring" was finally made illegal by Lord Darling's Auctions (Bidding Agreements) Act of 1927. But, as things have turned out, the difficulties of procuring sufficient evidence on which to prosecute have resulted, I believe, in not a single conviction having been secured. Certainly today the law is a dead-letter and is openly flouted at almost every sale outside London and at some in it.

That the Act of 1927 made an exception for certain kinds of joint purchases is not generally realised. It was, and is, perfectly legal for two or three dealers to agree to combine in the purchase of lots which, for example, none can afford singly, or thus to spread the risk involved in buying some highly speculative article. They must, however, make such an agreement in writing and deposit a copy of it with the auctioneer before the sale. At the time when the Act was framed such an arrangement was hardly known in the book-trade in this country, though it was practised in other branches of the art market. Syndicates of booksellers, who own certain stock in common, are a well-established feature of the Continental market, and since the influx of immigrant booksellers from the Continent after 1933 it is not unknown for articles of stock to be jointly owned in this country.

The immediate effect of the Act of 1927 was to reduce considerably the operations of the "ring." Many reputable firms withdrew. The late A. E. Newton was brash enough to name in *This Book Collecting Game* several houses which he alleged took part in the illegal operation. On the representation of one of the parties named the publishers of the English edition at once withdrew the book and cancelled the offending passage. As the years passed, however, without any prosecution many booksellers drifted back. The rewards were considerable and the risks apparently negligible. In the great London auction rooms external bidding is on a scale which provides sufficient competition to reduce the activities of the "ring" to a minimum: and, an important factor, the auctioneer knows the value of what he is selling and is in a position to advise the owner to place an adequate reserve on his property. In the provinces libraries often get cavalier treatment at the hands of auctioneers, who possess neither the knowledge nor the expensive apparatus of reference books, essential to their proper cataloguing. Sometimes a local bookseller is called in to catalogue the books, a situation in which any honourable man can hardly fail to find an embarrassing conflict of interest. As a rule, however, the books are haphazardly "lotted" in huge bundles, lashed with string which cuts into the bindings, and are sold by the auctioneer in record time. The temptation for the "ring" to operate in such circumstances is considerable. There are good reasons why books should sell for less in the country than in London, among them ignorance on the rostrum, bad lotting, uninformative cataloguing, inadequate advertisement, and, most vital of all, the fact that books are usually not returnable after the sale on account of imperfections. Under these circumstances, and by the exercise of a reasonable self-restraint in competition, the trade could by legitimate means have secured bargains in plenty at country sales, but this was not enough. The practices made illegal in 1927 returned on an increasing scale, and the scandal has now assumed national proportions.

In *The Times* of October 27 Mr. Robin Waterfield recounts an episode well known to the book-collecting and bookselling world. A few years ago, after a particularly flagrant "knock-out," an informer sent a detailed account of the "ring's" operations to *The Times Literary Supplement*. This was set up in type and the proofs sent to the Antiquarian Booksellers' Association. At an emergency meeting of the Association its members signed a declaration that henceforward they would abandon their participation in the "ring": and the article, which named many of the most prominent booksellers, never appeared. Mr. Waterfield suggested that this pledge has been cynically broken. Whether this is true or not I have no personal knowledge. That it is true is suggested by three recent anonymous articles in the journal *Desiderata* which tell, with a wealth of circumstantial detail, and no little wit, the cautionary tale of a novice who gets caught up in the machinations of the "ring." These articles, which were publicised by the *Sunday Times*, touched off a whole series of editorial comments and letters to the press, and in *The Times* of October 21 Mr. Basil Blackwell offered to compile and publish a list of booksellers who will give a solemn and sincere declaration that they are, and will continue to be, innocent of participation in the "ring."

This challenge has rallied to his support a number of booksellers, and if the Association does not make some firm declaration of policy the logical consequence of Mr. Blackwell's action may well be the setting up of a second organisation, able to command from its members something more than lip-service to the promotion of honourable conduct in business. From the point of view of timing it is perhaps unfortunate that Mr. Blackwell's challenge was made when the president and most of the officers of the Association were attending an international conference in America.

If the trade is not to be split in two they must grapple with this problem on their return, and their task will be one of extreme difficulty. Trade organisations are voluntary bodies. They can expel, but have few other powers of discipline. In default of a strong lead at the top their morality conforms with that of the lowest common denominator of their members. The material advantage of adherence to the "ring" is considerable, and some booksellers feel that it differs little from other trade organisations formed for mutual protection, that it is hallowed by long tradition, and that it provides legitimate defence against the wiles of some auctioneers, who, they allege, are not above picking imaginary bids off the ceiling. No legislation will compel trade associates to cut each other's throats in the auction room, and it would be unreasonable to expect the disappearance of some give-and-take between competitors, who may also be each other's best customers. Moreover there are comparatively few members of the Association who at one time or another have not been involved in the "ring," and the role of a belated convert to morality is not an easy or agreeable one. The charge of sanctimoniousness is particularly wounding to the vanity. Nevertheless, the bookselling fraternity contains a large number of decent and honourable men who view the present fraudulent system with distaste, and may be expected to follow Mr. Blackwell's lead.

It is regrettable that this crisis should have broken at a time when in other respects the status of the antiquarian bookseller is steadily rising. Catalogues have never before been so scholarly and the trade can never have boasted so many members of high educational attainments as it does today. The Antiquarian Booksellers' Association has many admirable activities, but it must abandon any claim to be taken seriously in such weighty matters as negotiation with the Government on the import and export of books if it retains this particularly grisly skeleton in its cupboard.

A. N. L. Munby

London Diary

Submerged under the "human interest" of the Princess Margaret story, commentators have been slow to scrutinise her statement of renunciation. It raises sharp constitutional issues. The Princess declared that she has been "aware that, subject to my renouncing my rights of succession, it might have been possible for me to contract a civil marriage." This seems to imply that a civil marriage could have been possible only if the succession were renounced. But who has made her "aware" of any such thing? Is it even true? The right of succession is peculiarly a matter for Parliament. If Parliament had repealed the Royal Marriage Act of 1772, which the Premier tells us he has considered asking it to do, would not the whole of this sentence be beside the point? Even with the law as it stands, the Princess should not have been made aware that her marriage was subject to her renouncing her right of succession. Being over 25, she has the right to marry whom she pleases and as she pleases, provided that she gives twelve months' notice, and Parliament does not object. She has been made "aware" of a probably untrue and certainly highly controversial doctrine. Again, when she says that she is "mindful of the Church's teaching that Christian marriage is indissoluble, and conscious of my duty to the Commonwealth," she seems to have been dubiously advised. The Anglican Church's view about divorce is not authoritatively determined, like that of Rome, and the view of the present Archbishop rests, I'm told by lawyers and ecclesiastics, on nothing more fixed than a resolution of Convocation. Further, in mentioning "her duty to the Commonwealth," Princess Margaret was clearly referring to her duty in the matter of her choice between the succession and marrying a man who had obtained a divorce. Who told her that her duty as a Princess demanded that she should uphold the Archbishop's view? She consulted him; he has made no secret of his dogma. But surely no one except our Parliament and the Governments of other Commonwealth countries has any right to make any statement involving such a choice. The question of succession is not a matter for the royal prerogative (or for the Archbishop) but for the British and the other Commonwealth Premiers. If Sir Anthony had been consulted (as he should have been the moment the question of succession arose) he would have been bound to give Princess Margaret the opposite advice. The Premier's own marriage, according to the Archbishop's doctrine, is not a true marriage, and neither he nor his Cabinet nor the House of Commons, which have all accepted a more commonsense view of divorce, could possibly have held that the Princess had to choose between marriage and her royal status. No wonder that the serious upshot of the whole affair in Parliament and the country is a demand for Disestablishment.

The Secretaries of State for Foreign and Home Affairs have been duly questioned about the extraordinary behaviour of their departments in interfering with the highly respectable International Conference on Regional Planning that was held at Bedford College in the first week of October. Their answers were no answers. Because, according to Major Lloyd-George, "some of the organisers responsible for the conference were Communists, or Communist sympathisers," civil servants were warned off. For the same reason, said Mr. Turton, the Foreign Office tipped the wink to a number of friendly governments to boycott the conference. I am glad to hear that this matter is likely to be raised on the Adjournment by Mr. Albu, not the sort of M.P. who is likely to take lightly a Communist smear. There appears to be no evidence that the conference could, by any stretch of the imagination, be called a "front" organisation; indeed, for all I know, the whole boycott was inspired by a panicky weekly journal with Burgess and Maclean on the brain. Whitehall ought by now to know the difference between a piece of Communist propaganda and a high-level international conference, whose professional conveners included one or two people who have at some time or other attended some conferences also attended by Communists. Secondly, and more important, how could any of the Ministers concerned possibly defend an official boycott of a conference (on a subject like regional planning, in which no security problem is involved), even if a number of Communists had been present? How ludicrous when the western powers at Geneva are at this very moment proposing every kind of cultural interchange with the Soviet Union!

* * *

The National Campaign for the Abolition of Capital Punishment, started only a few weeks ago by Victor Gollancz, seems to be making exciting progress. It has attracted a very strong and significantly varied "Committee of Honour," with a powerful leavening of distinguished lawyers—many people must have been impressed when it was joined by Christmas Humphreys, who, as a Senior Treasury Counsel at the Old Bailey, has prosecuted so many murderers to conviction. Victor Gollancz tells me that there will have to be overflow meetings when the Campaign's supporters are addressed at Central Hall, Westminster (on November 10), by Frank Byers, Canon Collins, Gerald Gardiner, Christopher Hollis, Gilbert Harding, Montgomery Hyde, Sir Stephen King-Hall, Frank Owen, R. T. Paget, Lord Pakenham and J. B. Priestley. I'm personally convinced that there is in the country a great and largely inarticulate loathing of the death penalty, and that only this kind of initiative would ever get it organised. Perhaps it may catch the attention of the Home Secretary, who told the House of Commons in July, answering questions about the Ruth Ellis case, that he saw no alteration in public opinion since the Gowers Report was discussed at the beginning of the year.

* * *

I never knew Sir Ronald Storrs in the days when he was a Governor, diplomat or Commander-in-Chief. He had lost his library and art treasures and had his house in Cyprus burnt down before I knew him. Maybe if we had known each other earlier we should have discovered our differences. Certainly I regarded him as an unusually perfect example of those highly cultivated and gentlemanly pro-consuls, whose wisdom would have saved the Empire, if the conditions in which Empire was possible had not, in fact, been disappearing while they were being wise. Happily I knew him only as a witty and agreeable conversationalist, full of unusual knowledge; he was an admirable, if occasional, contributor to this journal, and he still owes me a revenge at chess. The last time we played he pushed what chess players call a "thematic pawn" triumphantly through my pieces, just when I thought I had the better of him.

* * *

A friend in New York, whom I will call D, sends me this true story. During a recent discussion on the relative standards of public morals and manners in New York and London, he cited P. G. Wodehouse's famous labour-saving method of mailing letters in London. Instead of bothering to walk to the corner pillar-box, Wodehouse declared that he threw his letters out of the window in the sure knowledge that a passer-by would pick them up and post them. D claimed that this sort of thing could not happen in New York. He was contradicted by a lady who had lived there all her life. So next day they put the issue to a test. The lady threw a letter, addressed to D, out of her apartment window, somewhere in the centre of Greenwich Village. It was a gusty day; the letter disappeared among the Sixth Avenue traffic below. Yet it was duly delivered at D's home in another part of the city with the next day's mail. D telephoned to concede the point. Next day he tried a further experiment. He replied to the lady but put no stamp on the envelope. He made a number of attempts to drop the letter in the street, but was twice thwarted by kind strangers who picked it up and ran after him with it. So he dropped it in the entrance to a New York subway when there happened to be no one in sight. The next day the lady received the letter in her morning mail *with a stamp affixed to it*. Which puts New York at least five cents up in the international courtesy match.

* * *

The bother about the words "overheard on a bus" is that they are so easily made up. But a friend of undoubted integrity swears that he overheard this last week: "Since she made the decision for Christ, the point is that what with that and the pools, her time is now completely occupied."

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

What is it about an English woman in a tiara? Why, she wears it as naturally as an old felt hat. She might have been born in the thing.—*Sunday Express*. (K. Brading.)

Of the civil disorders in Cyprus, Lady Harding tells me she has seen nothing. "I just attend welfare functions," she says. "Everyone there is most friendly and charming."—*Evening Standard*. (J. M. Ordeig.)

Wherever the Queen and the Duke went, however, the scene was spoilt by professional photographers whose shabby dress marred the whole sight, often in specially decorated places.

This is something that seems to happen on every "special occasion." Could not photographers be dressed appropriately, or even wear some kind of uniform?—Letter in *Daily Telegraph*. (H. Gerry.)

Your correspondent who writes of the contrast between Dr. Albert Schweitzer and Lady Docker takes a narrow view. . . . God provided us with butterflies as well as with bees, and I am sure that in her own way Lady Docker also does much good.—Letter in *News Chronicle*. (R. J. Viney.)

Thoughts in the Wilderness

WHO IS ANTI-AMERICAN?

MOST of the reviews of *Journey Down a Rainbow* have been friendly—though there was the usual anonymous assassin in *The Times*—but too many of the reviewers have assumed that our book is yet another attack upon America. It is nothing of the kind, as we began the book by announcing. What I describe and denounce in my chapters is an economic-social-cultural system I call *Admass*. But *Admass* and the *Admassians* are not synonymous with America and the Americans, not even with Texas and the Texans, as again I was careful to point out. The sharpest and most urgent critics of *Admass* are themselves American. A large proportion of American writing is now devoted to questioning, challenging, satirising, and condemning the standards and values of *Admass*. This I know because I read a great deal of contemporary American writing: unlike many reviewers, who do not seem to be reading even the specimens of contemporary English writing sent to them by editors.

On the other hand, as I have indicated in our book and have suggested more than once in these columns, there is plenty of *Admass* now outside America. No doubt one finds the biggest, richest, gaudiest samples of the system across the Atlantic, but the rest of the world is hurrying to catch up. Post-war Britain is one of the most progressive *Admass* colonies. That banquet the other week at the Guildhall, to mark the inauguration of commercial television, was pure *Admass* from soup to nuts. One reason why we are having such argument and fuss about royalty is that it is caught between traditional Britain and the new *Admass* Britain, between the yearly portrait and the *Daily Sketch*. As I have said before, we English are more dangerously situated than the Americans because most of us, and reviewers to a man, do not realise we are in any danger. We think that if we can still toddle along to the Athenaeum, the Beefsteak and Garrick Clubs, the London Library, have our shirts made to measure, and hope to be made a Knight Commander of the Grand Order of Gentlemen of the Bedchamber, the *Admassian* jungle darkening the air all round us is no nearer than New York.

These reviews will add to my reputation, built up over a quarter of a century, as an anti-American. For one of the public roles thrust upon me is that of *The Man Who Does Not like America*. Except in private among a large circle of American friends, I have never been allowed to step out of this role. For twenty years, American reporters, after not being able to induce me to say anything rude about their country, have invented offensive remarks, all with a strong American accent, and have conjured them in and out of my mouth. I am the Gilbert Harding of Anglo-American relations. Dinner parties from Long Island to Santa Monica have been astonished when I have failed to insult everybody within hearing. Ordinary cheerful compliments have been probed for depths of savage irony. In descriptive essays of mine, filled with nothing but humorous exaggeration, there have been heard screams of anger, thunders of rage. And nobody has ever bothered to inquire—and this is where real irony begins—why this hater and denouncer of America should be always going to the trouble and expense of finding his way back there.

At this point, the cynical know-all jumps in, to tell me that I am a shrewd fellow (which I am not) who knows how to collect dollars. And he

is quite wrong, years out of date, for it is some time since the Americans paid handsomely to be insulted by visitors. An anti-American reputation is now a poor dollar-earner. The frequent visits only just pay for themselves. The truth is astonishingly simple: I go to America not only because I have professional business to attend to there but also because I like going to America. I criticise and grumble, of course, but that is largely because I have now an affection for the place and the people and am beginning to feel almost at home there. After all, I do still more criticising and grumbling here, where I am completely at home, in a country and among a people I love. You don't catch me grousing about Afghanistan and Patagonia, the Bolivians and Albanians: I don't know about them and don't care. But about America I do know and care.

To begin with, I have seen more of the country than most Americans have. I have a ripening acquaintance with its history and literature. I count myself as a friend of this nation, and so take with me the curiosity, the affectionate concern, and if necessary the frank criticism, of a friend. But I refer now not to America as it figures in cartoons, in articles by economic and foreign affairs experts, in statistics or statements by mysterious official spokesmen, in any abstract account of human affairs. I know and have a growing affection for the real America, the place itself where the real people live: for Central Park on a Sunday morning, the magical towers of New York at dusk; for those white villages among the flaring woods of New England in the fall; for the majestic rivers I have crossed so many times, the trains hooting so mournfully as night descends on the immense sad plains; for the sparkle and sharp fragrance, the blue air and distant violet ranges of the desert; for the Pacific dimpling beyond the solemn groves of giant trees; and for all the people, or most of them, I have talked to, eaten and drunk with, cursed or kissed, across those three thousand miles. I can write and talk American. I could pass for one, at a pinch, if the cops were after me.

There is a further irony. There are people here who are never accused of being anti-American, who are praised over there for their friendship. And many of these are the very people who secretly loathe the place and detest its people, who would not care a rap if tomorrow the Atlantic and Pacific oceans met above Kansas City. They merely go whoring after American wealth and power. So long as they can use the Americans, they will contrive to put up with them. What they say in public, when they are wanting something America can give them, is very different from what they say in private, as these battered ears can testify. If wealth, power, influence, passed from the northern to the southern half of that continent, these fellows would be making the same smiling after-dinner speeches about the Argentine and Brazil—and the United States would be out. The test of friendship does not lie in idle compliments and lip-service but in a close continuing interest and an affectionate concern, which may at times necessitate plain speaking. The weakness of America's present position, which is roughly that of a newly arrived rich man at a decaying fashionable resort, is that this test cannot be easily applied, the whole scene being too strange and bewildering, with the result that Americans too often do not realise where their true friends are.

There is another difficulty. We all tend now—and Americans more than most—to imagine that the world of political intrigue, newspaper and radio comment, public relations and propaganda, cartoon adventures, is the real world. Given this false assumption, then if we do not like the State Department's handling of the German problem, we do not like America, would never want to see again those crimson maples, huge rivers, plains, deserts, seacoasts both Atlantic and Pacific, would have done with all the hundred and fifty million persons who inhabit those regions. If we do not agree with Richard Nixon, any assorted Republican senators, the *Reader's Digest*, *Time*, the *Saturday Evening Post*, the Hearst Press and Westbrook Pegler, then we cannot possibly want to enjoy another martini at the Coffee House Club, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, or the first sight of the desert from the Santa Fé *Chief*. It is as if when friends from New York arrived outside our door in the Albany, I did not invite them in until I had made sure they were in full agreement with our policy in Cyprus and were enthusiastic admirers of Eden, Butler and Macmillan. Put like this, it seems altogether too idiotic, yet many "anti-American" reputations, referred to over and over again in the press, are based on no better foundation.

Take this journal itself. It has a notorious anti-American reputation; I must have seen a hundred references to it in the American press. And what does this mean? No more than what I have already suggested, namely, that it has a reasoned dislike of certain American political attitudes and policies, themselves equally severely criticised by a host of Americans. What it does *not* mean—and what it would mean if it were properly used—is that this journal is written by men and women who detest the country, the people, the whole American idea, who wish the War of Independence had been lost or that Lee had finally defeated Grant, who sneer at American customs, habits, manners, accents, who go out of their way to avoid meeting Americans, who find nothing to admire in anything that comes from such a people, who in their heart of hearts regard America and the Americans as the enemy. This is to be genuinely anti-American. And in London, Paris, Rome, and elsewhere, I have met these haters of America (and some distinguished members of my profession were among them); but they were not on the staff of this journal; and I never remember seeing one of them described in the American press as being anti-American. The bricks are always thrown in the wrong direction.

When Mrs. Smith tells Mr. Smith that his trousers are baggy and he needs a haircut, nobody accuses her of being anti-Smith. Now I have actually spent more time in America than I have in any country except England; more than I have in Scotland, Wales, Ireland. I have more friends in America than I have in any country except England. If I were to be kicked out of this country, I should probably go to America, if it would have me. I have now an affection for it, and that is why I do not hesitate to criticise it. When I meet a friend I assume he would prefer my honest opinion to a vote of thanks. There is much in American life I do not like, just as there is much in English life that I do not like. But if I denounce *Admass* in *Journey Down a Rainbow*, that is not because it is largely American in origin and I long to have another crack at the Yanks. I do it because I believe the *Admass* system to be unworthy of the place, the people, and the astonishing revolutionary idea, unique in history, they represent. This is a nation that came out of a noble dream. If it is anti-American to remember that dream, which so many pro-Americans seem to forget, then I am indeed anti-American.

J. B. PRIESTLEY

Changes in the Chin Hills

(This is the third of Dorothy Woodman's articles from Burma.)

I HAVE in front of me a book describing the punitive expeditions which were waged against the Chin peoples in the districts of the Upper and Lower Chindwin until they were forced to recognise British power. Year after year, following the annexation of Upper Burma in 1886, these campaigns were organised by the Government of India. As the cold weather season approached, columns of troops, the King's Royal Rifles, the 1st Burma Rifles, the Madras Pioneers, the Garhwal Rifles and the Gurkhas marched through thickly wooded hills clearing the way for mule transport, building stockades, and, as often as not, finding every stage of their advance challenged by one or another of the various Chin Tribes: the Siyins and the Kanhows in the North, the Hakas and the Tashons in the South.

One October day in 1891, a Political Officer attached to the army took a party of Chin Chiefs down to Rangoon. There, he argued, they would be so impressed, they would decide that further resistance in their mountain villages would be foolish and hopeless. At the end of the visit, the Chief Commissioner in an impressive Durbar at Government House told them:

> You have now seen a little of the world outside your native hills and must have become aware what small and insignificant places your Chin villages are, and what small and helpless people the Chins are in face of the British power. . . . The Queen Empress now rules over Burma, and many other countries, the names of which you never heard, and who has many armies of soldiers and great ships of war under her command bigger than any other ships you have seen here. . . . As the Chin Hills lie right between two portions of Her Empire, we have now taken possession of the whole of the Chin Hills and you may be sure we shall never go away. We are building forts and making roads and sending many more soldiers there, and we intend to remain there, as I say, for ever.

The Chiefs were impressed; they saw the great barracks, they visited the fleet at Monkey Point, they looked at rice mills, they enjoyed the bazaars and they insisted on a second visit to Phayre Gardens to see the animals. They returned home better equipped to cut telegraph wires, chopping them into lengths to make slugs for their muzzle-loading muskets. The uneven struggle lasted until 1896, by which time one tribe after another had been "thoroughly thrashed into insignificance"—to use an official phrase.

It is one of the ironies of history that by holding up the Japanese troops in the Chin Hills in 1942, the descendants of these Chiefs helped to save India from invasion. I met one of them in Burma earlier this year—Vum Ko Hau, now head of the United Nations Department of the Foreign Office in Rangoon. (His grandmother's brother and his wife's grandfather were both among the Chiefs mentioned and photographed in the Chin Hills *Gazetteer*.) Himself one of the founders of the Chin Levies, he described how the Japanese had made meticulous preparations for their arrival in Delhi. When they next came through his district they were a defeated army fighting their way out to Rangoon.

I was naturally interested to know what had happened in the Chin Hills since Burma became an independent country. When the Constitution of the Union of Burma was drafted in 1948, the Special Division of the Chins was created, thus achieving the unification of the Chin Hills. In

the place of tribal governments under British tutelage there are now popularly elected councils beginning from the village level at the base and culminating in the Chin Affairs Council at the apex. I travelled to the southern part of the Chin Hills to see what was happening in the lives of the Chin people in this, the most remote part of the Division. I went with a Mass Education Team to the village of Mindat.

Communications were typical; an airstrip on sunbaked ricefields, in use only during the dry season; a long ride in buffalo carts, plodding through streams, bumping along tracks, all to the grinding of springless wheels. Men and women came from villages to meet the Team. Almost without exception, the women were heavily tattooed, with lines and dots completely covering their faces and necks. Today, when this painful habit is recognised as a disfigurement artificially dividing the Chin women from others in the Union, it is less and less practised.

This emergence of Chin women struck me again at a remarkable meeting arranged by the Mass Education centre at Mindat. For the first time, men and women came from villages, sometimes two days' walk away, invited by Mass Education organisers to talk over their problems. They were a lively audience, excited, self-important, usually free from self-consciousness. The first woman who spoke, held her neighbour's hand, and often hid her face behind the other hand. She wore a red longyi, a pink jacket, strings of red beads and a pink ribbon round her hair arranged in a topknot. She was heavily tattooed. She asked for more seeds for her village. Her neighbour wanted skipping ropes for the girls, and slates and pencils. The next speaker was an old man with bright cerise ribbon tied round his topknot and long earrings which pulled his ears out of shape. "We have given up the idea of sacrifices when people are sick," he said, "so you must now provide us with a medicine chest. I do not know what you will think of my request, but we also want someone to come and show us what medicine to take." Several younger men wore an odd assortment of khaki caps, mufflers and jackets, probably acquired during the war years. One described a small school started by a Mass Education organiser. Three girls were among the pupils, he boasted, and if they had more clothes, for they were very poor, there might easily be ten girls next year.

One old man made a great impression. He wore a turban made out of red towelling, a khaki shirt and a red longyi. He had a wisp of hair on both sides of his mouth and one in the centre of his chin. He was one of the few who could read and write—the missionaries had taught him. He had written out the demands from his village with great care and presented them authoritatively as if he were appearing before a Royal Commission. He asked for a storage tank for water, medicines, seeds and implements (and someone to show them when and how to plant) and a school.

Several men described the difficulties when two or three villages are combined for some administrative reason. "We want a wider road." "Please show us how to build a system of water supply." "We want two axes," said one man; "we can then uproot trees and plants from the hill slopes and start growing coffee." "We now have a school," said another, "but what can we do when the planting and harvest seasons come?" They needed the children at work.

The meeting lasted for nearly three hours. That night, when the men and women had started back to their homes, a young Chin midwife, trained in Rangoon, encouraged the older girls and boys at the residential school to sing Chin songs for our tape recorder. With the confidence which only the completely unsophisticated or the professional singer shows at the microphone, these children introduced us to Chin ballads. How the Chins wandered down to the Arakan frontier at one time in their history, and the villages they passed through. How a girl asserted her independence; "I knew a boy who loved me, but I didn't love him. He stole some of my beads and put them in a coffin and pretended he was burying me! But I am keeping well in spite of his behaviour and I can sing better than ever I sang before." I liked, too, the story of how the Chin race began; there are different beliefs; some think they dropped from the sky; some think they sprang from banana plants; but the Chins believe they came down a big iron post connecting earth and heaven.

At sunrise we started off on a 20-mile walk down wooded hills which rippled to the valley. Reaching the stream, we unexpectedly met a long line of baggage mules, and, behind them, a party of Yugoslavs. They were off to Mindat and beyond to study the suitability of the Chin Hills for hydro-electricity. For in 1955 the Chins do not consider their villages as "small and insignificant places," nor do they think themselves as "small and helpless people." The Chin Hills development schemes planned in 1953 for more schools, more hospitals, more weaving schools and co-operatives, more agricultural and veterinary experts, better communications, and, if the Yugoslav Mission so advises, the chance of electrical power.

DOROTHY WOODMAN

Fleet Street Notebook

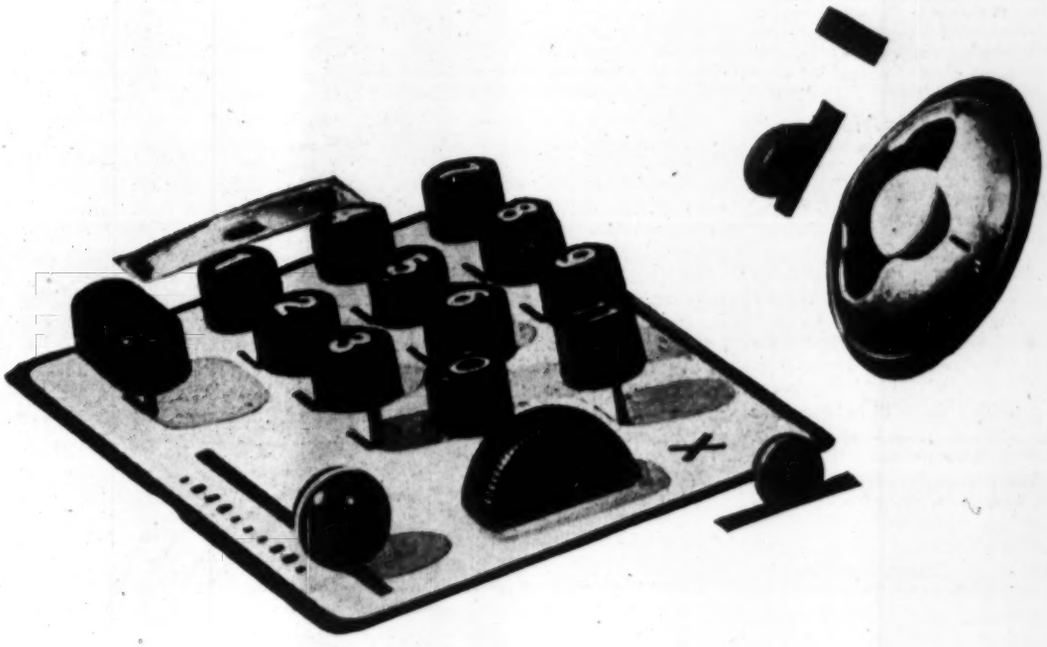
PUBLIC opinion and newspaper opinion are by no means always the same. But there is little doubt that in the matter of Princess Margaret and Group-Captain Townsend the press faithfully represents the deep division in public opinion. Rarely has the conflict between popular feeling and the official view been so clearly demonstrated. All newspapers have been studying their postbags carefully, and the *Daily Mirror* and the *Daily Express*—their combined sale of around 8,800,000 and total mass readership of probably not far short of 26,000,000 is more than that of all other national daily papers put together—have been solidly on the same side. They have both been unequivocally in favour of a marriage and outspokenly contemptuous of the attempt to persuade the public that Princess Margaret's painful decision was reached without strong ecclesiastical and Court pressure. Ever since *The Times* fired its heavy and exceedingly well-timed broadside, which confronted the Princess with the choice between renunciation of Townsend or virtual banishment, the *Mirror* has been campaigning in its largest and blackest type and with all the journalistic vigour at its command against "This Wicked Plot." The *Express* has been no less outspoken. For the first time for many years the Disestablishment of the Church has in its columns been made a public issue. It is significant that not only the *Mirror* but also the London *Star*—although not its less outspoken morning companion, the *News Chronicle*—have similarly urged that whatever else may be the moral of the tragic choice forced upon the Princess, and however deep the personal sympathy for her, the continuance of an Established Church has become intolerable. The Archbishops may yet live to wonder whether their present victory has not been won at a heavy cost.

For the moment, however, they and *The Times* have every reason to feel pleased with themselves. This pleasure was scarcely concealed in what even those who agree with it must have felt a somewhat excessively unctuous *Times*' leader on the morrow of the Princess's decision. Even for the present-day *Times* the statement that "All the peoples of the Commonwealth will feel gratitude to her for taking the selfless, royal way that in their hearts they expected of her" surely goes somewhat far in denying the very existence of any point of view not shared by *The Times* itself. It is not one, for example, shared in any degree by the *Manchester Guardian*. "Her decision, which has plainly been come to after subtle pressure," said the *Guardian*, "will be regarded by great masses of people as unnecessary and perhaps a great waste. In the long run it will not redound to the credit or influence of those who have been most persistent in denying to the Princess the same liberty that is enjoyed by the rest of her fellow citizens." And the *Guardian* went on to comment with admirable pungency that even the least cynical might "find it hard to see why an innocent party to a divorce can become a man who appoints archbishops and bishops while the Princess who merely exercises her social graces and has a very remote chance of succeeding to the Throne should be denied by ecclesiastical prescription the right to marry an innocent party to a divorce."

Perhaps characteristically, *The Times*, which could not even bring itself to mention his name in its famous first leading article, made no reference of any kind to Group-Captain Townsend in its triumphant leader on the Princess's decision. Most of the rest of the press, one is glad to report, has been more generous and just, paying almost universal tribute to the dignity with which he has borne himself throughout this time. It will be interesting to see what officialdom now proposes to do with him.

For good or ill the Princess's decision has now been taken, alone, as *The Times*, the *Daily Telegraph* and the *Daily Mail* insist, or under what the *Manchester Guardian* describes as "subtle pressure" and the *Express* as "a pressure campaign that would have brought to their knees even more determined personalities than she." Yet it is still of some interest to note for the record how various newspapers interpreted their public duty while the issue was still open. The *Mail* followed *The Times* in opposing the marriage, the *Sunday Times* and the *Observer* preceded it in declaring that marriage would be incompatible with her continuation of any royal duties. The *Manchester Guardian*, the *Mirror*, *Express*, *Sunday Pictorial* and *Sunday Express* took the opposite view. But on the central issues involved in the decision a surprising number of papers took refuge in a silent neutrality. They included the *Telegraph*, *News Chronicle* (although not the *Star*), and the *Daily Herald*; in the Sunday paper field, the *News of the World*, *Reynolds*, the *Sunday Dispatch* and the whole of the Kemsley group—although all of them except the *News of the World* gave it everything they had in their news pages. The *People* having from the first taken the stand that no marriage was likely, found no need for editorial comment. The *Daily Sketch*, curbed no doubt by Lord Rothermere's voice in the *Daily Mail*, confined itself to the unaccustomed task of calling for more dignity over several pages. The *Daily Worker* summed it all up as just another capitalist plot to keep the minds of the workers from the economic facts of life.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS



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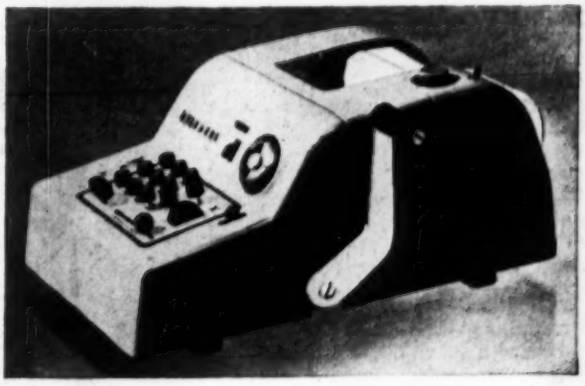

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Keeper of Their Conscience

Jane was fond of Bullinger: in a way she respected him. She was quick to realise that under his bouncing evangelical manner lurked an uneasy diffidence: that those confident clerical gestures, that assured episcopal laugh, were but the frontage to a house of many shy chambers; that his complacency concealed a puzzled realisation of his own intellectual and spiritual incompleteness. Somewhere within this affable and unhappy man high qualities of brain and heart floated inconstant and submerged. Were this inconsistency and submersion the fault of heredity or upbringing, of defective willpower, or of just ordinary indolence of mind? Jane was inclined to ascribe the unreality of Bullinger to sheer cerebral cowardice.

WHEN Harold Nicolson wrote *Public Faces*, the year was 1932 and Mr. Harold Macmillan was a young and undistinguished Tory rebel. Yet Nicolson's portrait of Walter Bullinger, the Foreign Secretary who saved the world from atomic war, bears a curious resemblance to the man and the politician Mr. Macmillan has become. In an age of public personalities Macmillan remains the great enigma. The many shy chambers are still unexplored. Those who watched him on television last May, trying—unsuccessfully—to feel at home by the firesides of unknown millions, may well have wondered what lay behind his façade of aristocratic anonymity. The scepticism of Salisbury? The vision of Canning? The conscience of Croker? Or is the blank exterior, as with Bonar Law, merely the faithful expression of a barren mind and soul?

The quest for Macmillan begins in the most conventional places. He comes from a family of prosperous and highly respectable publishers. Macmillan & Co. was—and is—the sort of firm to which successful authors transfer in middle-age: to be on Macmillan's list is a symbol not so much of commercial success as of established reputation. As befits a member of the upper middle classes Harold Macmillan went to Eton and Balliol; as befits a scion of the commercial intelligentsia, he took a first in Moderations and then went out into the world. But already his character had been marked by time. As a subaltern in the Grenadier Guards, he had been submerged in the mud and despair of Flanders. He had been wounded three times. Like all those who survived, he had seen the best of his generation futilely slaughtered; but unlike most of them, he had been deeply, permanently, affected by the experience. At Balliol, he was conscious of a mission to carry into public life the standards of those who had died. And, blending idealism with common sense, he took the most sensible step open to an aspiring Tory politician: he married Lady Dorothy Cavendish, the beautiful and gifted daughter of the 9th Duke of Devonshire.

The Cavendishes lie at the centre of that complex structure of family relationships which rules the Tory party. When Harold Macmillan became Member of Parliament for Stockton-on-Tees in 1924, sixteen of his relatives were in the House. Of the present Tory triumvirate, he was by far the most favoured by fortune. Sir Anthony Eden was born into the Tory aristocracy—but in a minor branch. Mr. Butler married a Courtauld—but big business connections are, or were then, a political handicap for a young Tory. Intelligent and presentable, Macmillan, by marrying a Cavendish, should have been swept, irresistibly, along the main stream to preferment.

Nevertheless, he spent nearly twenty years in the wilderness: and by his own choice. As the self-conscious survivor of a lost generation, he hated the hard-faced men as passionately—though for different reasons—as any Socialist. To him, the beer-lords and coal-barons—the solid bloc of millionaire M.P.s whom the Twenties knew as "The Forty Thieves"—had betrayed the conscience of the Tory Party. Together with Robert Boothby and Oliver Stanley, he formed a group of young theorists, cynically dubbed the "Y.M.C.A." He was the most extreme of them; he was the only one to refuse the Whip; and he clung to his evangelism long after the others had abandoned the battle in despair. During the nightmare of the Depression, he was a Tory Bevan—but without Bevan's glamour, and without his following. He believed that the Tory Party, unless it listened to the voice of conscience, would, sooner or later, be destroyed by some fearful catastrophe which would shatter the fabric of British society. "The dynamic of social change," he warned, "resides in our discontent with things as they are. If that discontent is shared by the comfortable as well as the unfortunate, then these changes can be accomplished by a process of peaceful evolution throughout which we shall continue to preserve the heritage of our liberty." To the concept of nationalisation, he opposed "rationalisation." Certain industries, housing, fuel and power, should be reorganised by the State; and the State should create welfare services which would make the extremes of poverty impossible.

Today, these seem innocent enough views, even for a Tory to hold. But in 1938, when *The Middle Way* was published, they created a minor sensation, and drew upon Macmillan's head the bitter hatred of the Establishment. Indeed, his political career was saved only by the advent of war and the friendship of Churchill. Once in office, however, he demonstrated remarkable administrative gifts. In 1942 he was given his first big appointment, as Resident Minister in North Africa. It was the turning-point in his career. In the tangled web of Vichy intrigue, he was forced, for the first time, to take realistic political decisions. In 1945, he returned to London a success, a changed man—and, for the first time, an accepted member of the Tory hierarchy.

But at this precise moment, when Macmillan had finally come to full maturity as a politician, the catastrophe he had prophesied occurred. In the election of 1945, Macmillan lost not only his seat, but his faith. His own decimated generation had been betrayed by its ruthless, corrupt elders; now, in its place, was a new generation—and it had chosen the other side. When Macmillan returned to the House in November, he found idealist youth crowding the Labour benches—and clamouring for policies which to him were anathema. He abandoned himself to a mood of unrestrained pessimism. When a leader was required to reorganise the Tory Party on modern lines, Macmillan's record and qualifications entitled him to the post; but it was given, instead, to Mr. Butler, the man from Courtaulds, the apologist of Munich. During the years of Tory exile, Macmillan seems to have lost the will to be a man of action. And when, in 1951, the long winter ended, it was too late.

For a time, the climacteric in Macmillan's political life passed unnoticed. As Minister of Housing, he was handed political success on a plate: the decision to build 300,000 houses a year was the centre-piece of the Tory counter-offensive, to which all else was sacrificed. True, Macmillan proved himself a fierce and ruthless administrator; but there was no need to fight for priorities, or battle for a policy in Cabinet: all he had to do was to accept gracefully the ovations of party conferences. He made no attempt to face the real problems of housing—rents and subsidies; these were left to his luckless successor, Mr. Sandys. It was the same during his brief tenure of the Ministry of Defence.

Now that Macmillan is at the Foreign Office, however, the truth will be harder to conceal; indeed, it is already beginning to dawn on shrewder observers. None of the problems which have so far confronted him is of his own making; but in handling them, his curious combination of complacency, hesitation and diffidence has proved disastrous. The London conference on Cyprus merely served to intensify the crisis. The White Paper on Burgess and Maclean turned an administrative blunder into a public scandal. Confronted with a revolutionary diplomatic situation in the Middle East, Macmillan has responded by issuing an ineffectual protest to Egypt; faced with deadlock at Geneva, he has replied by repeating, his inelegant catch-phrase from the previous Geneva, "There ain't gonna be no war." On Cyprus, as on other issues, Macmillan has an unfortunate habit of saying aloud thoughts which other Tories may be feeling, but which they wisely leave unexpressed. Indeed, for a man who takes such trouble with his speeches, he has a strange knack for combining platitudes with *faux pas*.

Not surprisingly, the personality of the new Foreign Secretary is puzzling his colleagues at the Foreign Office. Their views on his predecessors are quite clear-cut: Bevin they adored, Morrison they despised, Eden they regarded with a sharp dislike occasionally tinged with professional admiration. On Macmillan, they seem to have no views at all. But among those few who have grasped the essential truth that the end of the cold war has brought fresh dangers, and that we are moving, with increasing speed, into an era of open diplomacy, opinion is hardening. Last week, an official who had just read through a telegram from Macmillan in Paris, and who failed to place—poor man!—the lengthy quotation from Virgil it contained, permitted himself a small sigh of exasperation. "I never thought," he said, "that the time would come when I should say 'thank God we have Mr. Dulles'."

But it would be rash to write Macmillan off as a failure. When he appeared on the platform at Bournemouth, the roars of the Tory delegates were only a shade less strident than those which greeted Sir Anthony himself. Nor have his limitations as a Minister been grasped, as yet, by the exultant gentlemen on the benches behind him. Macmillan is, in many ways, a formidable House of Commons man. His arrogance, his rudeness to Labour members—due, in part, to shyness, but also to his conscious sense of membership of a ruling class—are not necessarily liabilities in the Tory Party. In an age when every Tory Minister tries, more or less successfully, to ape Sir Walter Monckton, Macmillan has done himself no harm by going to the opposite extreme. Indeed, now that Mr. Butler has become a political liability, and Sir Anthony has demonstrated beyond doubt his pathological reluctance to take decisions, Macmillan's stock is inevitably rising.

And yet—the forces which made him a Tory rebel for twenty years still lie beneath the surface. Macmillan's pessimism, his disenchantment with politics, spring primarily from his own integrity. Like all really intelligent men, he has a sceptical view of his own abilities; and this is a rare virtue among politicians. He is both the most brilliant and the least assured of the present triumvirate, and this, perhaps, explains why the more thoughtful Tories would like to see him as its leader. But there is little chance that their wishes will come true. Macmillan kept the Tory conscience in the years the locusts ate; and he has never entirely lost his vocation. In the inevitable struggle to reconcile conscience with the possession of power, the former has not invariably been the victim; and for this he will suffer. Those who keep the Tory conscience are respected by their colleagues and praised by future generations; but they never head the Tory Party.

The Rab's Progress

"The Chancellor had better look at his subconscious." —*Hugh Gaitskell.*

Most adult people find unpleasant
The infant reared on port and pheasant,
A form of nourishment inclined
To buckle the unconscious mind—
Which was the reason for the drab
And sordid end of little Rab.

At Party Frolics, I admit,
Some countenanced precocious wit,
When Rab, a stranger to remorse,
Milked at both ends the Unwilling Horse,
Then tried to prune the stable door.
(He mixed a pretty metaphor.)

With bonfires—like his pheasants—high,
He asked for pennies for the Guy.
Rab took this cash—from needy pockets—
To spend on crackers, squibs and rockets,
Then said that spending was a crime—
Except for bankrupts, buying Time.

But poorer urchins (claiming he
Was Rabid in Rabacity)
Of raspberries made him a present.
So, what with port and what with pheasant,
The dreams of Rab, like those of Pontius,
Were pilots to a sick subconscious.

In evil swevens he would squeal,
Lashed to a giant Catherine Wheel;
Prices and wages whirled around,
Shares rocketed—then to the ground
Descended in a golden rain,
While stocks that jumped like things insane
Joined in the pyrotechnic riot.
Then all was ominously quiet . . .

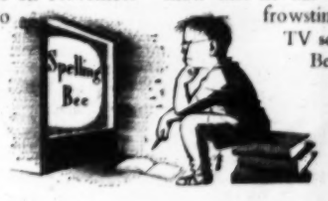
But in the Place Where He Was Sent
He has no need to raise the rent.

REGINALD REYNOLDS

NOVEMBER

PIONEER SPELL-BINDERS

Who started Spelling Bees in England, and when? Answer: two M.P.s in 1875, in Islington. We are usually so busy worrying about how long Spelling Bees are going on (on someone else's radio which we cannot shut off, or round firesides at which we sit trapped) that we had not fussed about when the trouble started. Let us not blink the facts any longer. Two M.P.s, Sir Andrew Lusk, Bart., and Mr. Samuel Waddy, Q.C., allowed England's first Spelling Bee to happen under their auspices on November 20th, 1875. Thirty-two gentlemen and eighteen ladies competed for money prizes amounting to £8. A Mr. Jameson won. The words that knocked out most competitors were rhododendron, apocryphal, and philippic. Only Mr. Jameson could spell sesquipedalian. Well, to us these do not seem difficult words. But that's the catch in this spelling game. Just because we can spell sesquipedalian, and think we could have won the prize from Mr. Jameson, we begin being competitive-minded. Our doom is at hand in the podgy shape of some schoolboy who knows how to spell *battalion* and *ipecacuanha*. His shape and his deadly accuracy of orthography show that he has misspent his childhood frowsting in front of radio and TV sets, listening to Spelling Bees. He will grow up to be a monumental mason and tombstone-chiseller. It is all the fault of those two M.P.s.



One of those M.P.s was himself a banker (his bank later became part of the Midland). We draw no conclusions from this duality of interests. We merely state that, unlike the Spelling Bee, the Midland Bank continues to gain in strength and popularity.

MIDLAND BANK LIMITED

The Arts and Entertainment

Concert and Opera

THOSE who enjoy music are sometimes asked, either sadly or truculently, why they neglect jazz. If this column, for instance, can discuss something so slight as *Le Comte Ory*, then why not Kid Ory? Why not Count Basie, Earl Hines, Duke Ellington? Well, for one thing, life—not to mention the poor little column—is altogether too short. Jazz, swing, bebop, boogie-woogie and so forth constitute, like Indian music, another universe of sound-organisation which must be explored in detail and experienced in some quantity before it can be intelligently discussed; to breeze into a jam session and set down one's first reactions might conceivably be fun, but to a knowledgeable reader the result could hardly be more enlightening than, let us say, a report from Kid Ory on *Die Frau ohne Schatten*. The cobbler had better stick to his last.

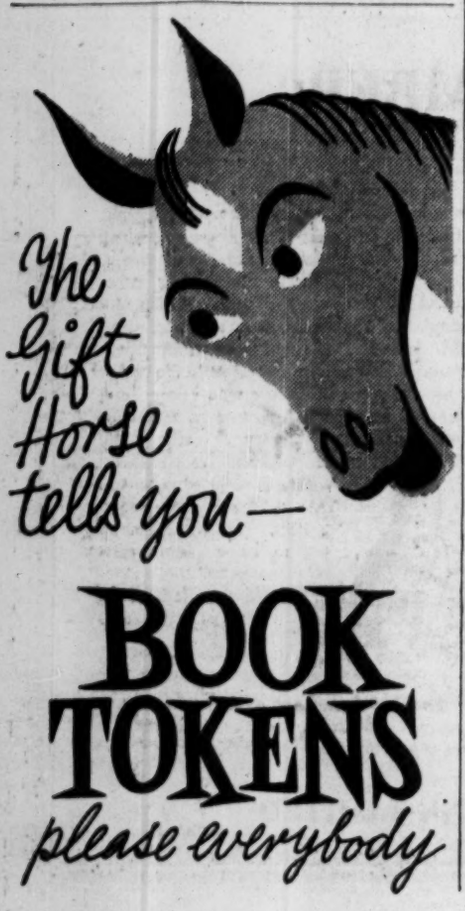
From time to time straight composers take up with jazz, for limited periods, in a limited degree and for the most part with limited success: one thinks of Stravinsky, Ravel, Krenek and Milhaud, and especially of Constant Lambert, whose *Rio Grande* is perhaps the most successful of all these excursions across the frontier. Rolf Liebermann, whose *Concerto for Jazz Band and Symphony Orchestra* was given last week at the Festival Hall by the B.B.C. Show Band and the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra under Sir Eugene Goossens, has attempted something more ambitious—a legal union between hot and straight music; but the two parties lead a Box-and-Cox-like existence, joining forces only in the most gingerly manner. Theoretically, though not very recognisably, the composition is unified by the fact that it is based throughout on a twelve-note-row; but this element is really alien to the genius of jazz, since it precludes free improvisation. The work, in which loud and brassy, but surely not very adventurous, jazz movements are interspersed with featureless stretches of *musica seria*, seemed to me quite empty and banal. In terms of decibels the jazz party won a handsome victory, and the uproarious ending was greeted with torrents of applause—perhaps because at any rate it contrasted favourably with the preceding anaemic performances of Debussy's *Ibéria* and excerpts from Berlioz's *Roméo et Juliette*.

On the following night Artur Rubinstein began a marathon series of five concerts, in the course of which he is to play seventeen concertos or concertante works to the accompaniment (so far rather too discreet) of Sir Adrian Boult and the London Philharmonic. The public has been told again and again that this is a most inartistic and indigestible proceeding, but it pays no heed to such warnings and cheerfully packs the Festival Hall to capacity. Certainly it got its money's worth: the great virtuoso was at the top of his form, confident, brilliant, invigorating, and so tireless that he added a Chopin valse as an encore. His playing is always superbly pianistic, as we say that a painter is painterly; as an interpreter in the wider sense he has his limitations, and the first movement of Beethoven's Emperor lacked something in weight and drama and contained some fluctuations of speed that seemed not arbitrary but unconvincing. Nor did he make of the Intermezzo of Schumann's Concerto quite the exchange of tender confidences that we expect to hear; but the last movements of both concertos were thrown off with delightful buoyancy. The great event of the evening was the performance of Rachmaninoff No. 2, impassioned yet never febrile, glittering yet never empty, tender yet never weak: no pianist in the world can better reveal the intrinsic beauty of a work which is too often the victim of its own popularity.

The Victoria and Albert Museum has this year prefaced its regular series of Sunday evening concerts with some vocal recitals, including a performance of *Die Winterreise* by Gerhard Hüsch and a miscellaneous recital by Elena Nikolaidi. Herr Hüsch had not been heard since the war, and it was pleasant to find how lightly time has dealt with his voice. His interpretation of Schubert's great cycle, always more solemn than passionate, has become noticeably cooler with the years, and some of the wilder songs, such as "Erstarrung" and "Mut," sounded altogether too sedate, and the total result was a little tame. Mme Nikolaidi (not to be confused with Elena Nicolai) is a Greek mezzo-soprano with a large and unusually steady voice of splendid quality, marred only by a habit of scooping up to notes which she is well able to take clean. Despite beautiful moments, Lieder is not yet her field: she neglects details, and sometimes simply omits very short notes which strike her as unimportant. But in Mahler's *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen*, and still more in a group of Auvergne folk-songs arranged by Canteloube which Madeleine Grey used to sing so wonderfully, Mme Nikolaidi gave very great pleasure with her rich, forward tone and vivacious temperament. Both she and Herr Hüsch were accompanied by Geoffrey Parsons, who played with unfailing sensibility and excelled in the quasi-orchestral difficult Mahler and Canteloube accompaniments.

Covent Garden has revived Kubelik's summer production of *The Bartered Bride*, spirited, neat and gay, yet seeming a little lost (partly owing to the poor articulation of some of the principals) in the large house and now and again wanting in rough peasant vitality and warmth; the dancers especially look far too sophisticated. In an otherwise low-temperature *Carmen*, Marianna Radev's gypsy stood out by sheer professional competence and rightness of style; but I cannot echo the unstinted praise she has received in some quarters. Her trouble is purely vocal: above mezzo-forte the voice loses not only quality but definition. Of all operatic parts none needs a keener vocal edge than Carmen.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR



A German Troilus

I FOUND myself last week in the difficult position of trying to explain to a series of German audiences how the English theatre is organised. The difficulty comes, of course, from the fact that it is so little organised: it for the most part simply happens, how haphazardly one only begins to perceive when one has to put it into words. The thing that all the same strikes one, as surprising as one expatiates on the glorious private enterprise muddle, is not how bad it all is, but how good it manages to be in spite of the way it is managed. It is no doubt our puritan inheritance which is largely responsible for our refusing to treat the theatre as an art deserving the same support as others, and indeed the theatre itself has in the past sometimes done its best to justify its exclusion. But in Germany, as one might imagine, they order things differently. No municipality there would dream of refusing to pay for a theatre just as it pays for an art gallery, an opera, a museum or a public library.

The result is that a town like Munich (the only place where my engagement allowed me the opportunity to visit the theatre) treats itself to a repertory which puts our cities to shame. The State Theatre alone in the current season has offered them three Shakespeares, *Julius Caesar*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and *Troilus and Cressida*, O'Neill's *Ah Wilderness*, Eliot's *The Confidential Clerk*, a Gogol, a Schiller and two other German plays. To how many plays of Shakespeare does Manchester, I found myself wondering, treat itself each season. And indeed in London it takes the combined resources of the Old Vic, the Arts Theatre Club and the best of the commercial managements to equal the list. True the repertory theatres at Bristol, Birmingham and Liverpool do, on a smaller scale, now provide an equivalent. But their municipalities do not proudly own them—they only help them meagrely enough. (Hornchurch, and now Cheltenham, are, I believe, the only local authorities to boast a theatre of their own.) But the State Theatre is only one of the theatres operating in Munich, and on the night I was there the house was sold out. Imagine arriving at Leeds and finding the large theatre sold out for a performance of Schiller, and only finding a place by the courtesy of the Director in his private box!

The play was *Troilus and Cressida*, itself an enterprising choice. And the production, on a large and elaborate scale, was of a reasonably high standard; it would compete on equal terms with the best of the Old Vic, and with all but the very best of the Stratford productions. The Residenztheater (alas, how changed from that we knew of old. It has been timidly rebuilt in a style that smacks of *art nouveau* of the mid-Twenties) is superbly equipped, and the designer and director plan this production for the revolving stage. This was used effectively for providing a great many changes of scene and one or two very inventive touches, as, for instance, the charming setting for Cressida's house and the narrow winding streets leading to it, the revolve focusing for us the particular place needed for each part of the scene. But evidently that concern with speed, with the rapid shuttling on and off of the action which English Shakespearean producers have concentrated on for the last decade or two is no part of the German approach (though Ginsberg the producer on this occasion is from Zurich), and compared with the rapidity we take for granted now on our permanent or semi-permanent sets, the production seemed to me to lumber and trundle a little. Technical devices like the revolve bring their own problems with them.

The conception seemed to me excellently judged, the narrative remarkably lucid (not an easy effect to obtain in this play) and the characterisation and casting wittily exact. I liked especially the sardonic Ulysses of Gerd Brüdern, the mixture somewhere between a prize fighter and the young Oscar Wilde of Hans-Reinhard Müller's Achilles, the beef-witted Ajax of Rudolph Romberg and the Agamemnon of Helmuth Renar. Pandarus provided Hans-Hermann Schaufuss with the chance for a fine piece of rich comic acting, a little conventional perhaps, but rounded and full, and Bruno Hübner found a really savage streak in the humour of Thersites. Certain scenes stood out—the love scene between Helen and Paris; that touch of theatrical poetry when Cassandra circles in from the darkness with her "Cry? Trojans, Cry!", the lowering climate of the last battle and the murderous attack by the Myrmidons.

I had been warned beforehand by clever people of a certain heaviness and conventionality of approach (the prevalent danger, I suspect, of Municipal theatre). The Bavarians, I was told, are quick to respond to experiment, and miss it in this season's Shakespeare. I see the point of this criticism; it is as though we might say here that we were tired of the current Old Vic presentations all rather similar in their scale and weight and method of attack. There is evidently a fairly general contemporary idiom of Shakespearean production, and this *Troilus and Cressida* fits into it. Restored to its own language, it would slide quite unremarked into the Waterloo Road repertoire. But that is far from implying that it is a production any municipal theatre need be ashamed of. On the contrary. Personally I thoroughly enjoyed it, and all the more as it turned out, for not understanding the words. Stripped of all the associations which the poetry holds for us, the play makes its impact as a pure conception. And how extraordinarily up-to-date a conception it is! Language apart, it might have been written yesterday by a modern playwright out of love with romanticism in all its forms.

T. C. WORSLEY

Abandon Hope

AT the Leicester Galleries there are two very large new figures by Henry Moore, and also some newly found early life drawings by him, mostly dating from the late Twenties. The larger and more impressive of the two figures is carved out of one piece of elm, and is called *Upright Exterior and Interior Forms*. In fact it is a variation on the theme of a Mother and Child. The mother has been reduced to a shape rather like an open mummy case and the child, almost as large as she and equally severely formalised, stands inside her like the stamen of an arum lily, the bridge of her arms enclosing him. From the back, where one only sees the slightly modulating "casing" of the mother, the group is somewhat dull despite the purely technical skill to be enjoyed in the surfacing of the wood. From every other viewpoint the balance of the two figures, the invitation of the hollow case and the pliable acceptance of its embrace by the child, are formally very beautiful: the only possible criticism being that from the left of the group, the child's spheroid shoulder is a little too big, a little too cumbersomely solid for the spaces around it. Here, then, is a work by Moore at his best—beautifully carved, superbly handled (and I mean that literally: one can feel how a hand has discovered even the spaces, like the hand of a child tunnelling in the sand and making an underground cavern the shape of which he can feel but not see), and impressive in presence—if you dismiss it, you dismiss that part of yourself which, whether you like it or not, it has immediately claimed.

Why, if I admit all this, do I still dissent from crediting Moore with the greatness currently heaped upon him? It is because I believe the vision behind such a work as this is essentially

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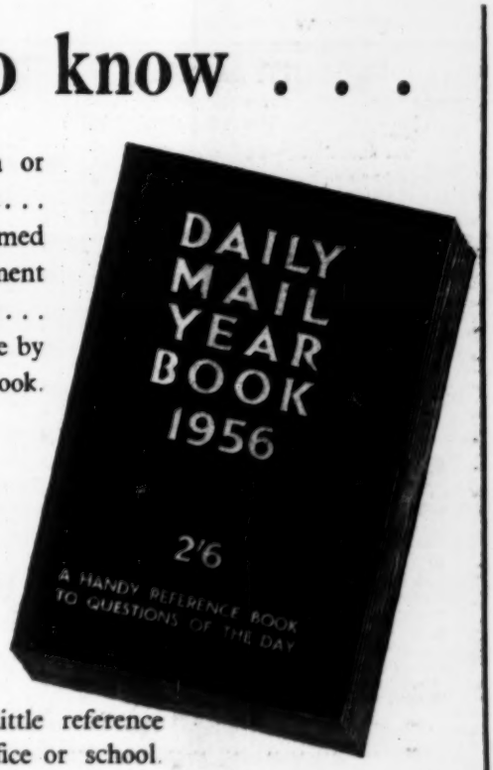

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retrogressive. One searches in the remotest past to find the experiences it offers to recall: the experiences of very early infancy, or the imaginary experience in the evolutionary process of inorganic matter becoming organic. I do not think these experiences should be denied, but they should be considered as points of departure; to Moore they are a destination. And in consequence a work like this lulls. Above the maternal casing, the maternally hollow tree, should be written, "Abandon hope all ye who enter here." Not because inside it is an obvious hell: but because in that mummy's security (and I mean the pun) hope is unnecessary. It is a work based on an imaginative burrowing back into the darkness—and here the simile of the child tunnelling into the sand has a Freudian significance—to rest there again without any of the awkwardness of being a conscious human being. It is the very opposite of a work that aspires.

I agree that there is a very slight ambiguity: that just possibly the child is only resting, as it were, in his mother's embrace and will later step out independent. But this is only suggested by what is left of naturalistic expression, by the shadow in the hole which is his single eye. The forms themselves are totally self-sufficient and suggest no development. The carving as a whole is an almost perfectly made object, yet like a machine which should be seen in motion but is still, it lacks all outward dynamic energy (as an image). Compare it to some of the excellent life drawings. The figures in these are also simplified to a "maternal" fullness; but their very solidity and weight is made sharp by their marvellously observed movements which suggest the possibility of hundreds of other movements. They vibrate with alternatives because their forms have been *chosen* from reality. Their choice—which is their way of looking at a figure, illuminates and so adapts our choice—which is our habitual way of looking at a figure. In the carving there is no such tension of choice. One accepts the shape of each invented form as one accepts that of a pebble, or as an unborn child, protected from all decision and choice, accepts the shape of its mother's womb.

Certainly the forms are very pleasing, certainly they have been carved in such sympathy with their material, the wood, that they seem almost to be alive; but they deny consciousness. Moore's superb sensuous craftsmanship has led him to seek perfection and in a sense he has come very near to achieving it: but he has achieved it in the peace which *precedes* all understanding. Some, with a different philosophy to mine, may consider this a great achievement; I can only consider it a remarkable but negative one.

JOHN BERGER

Jam Tomorrow

AMID the cosy, odorous purr of the oil-stoves which are still the only heating of Television House, Mr. Richard Meyer, one of the moguls of commercial television, discussed the financial position with candour and equanimity.

It may be assumed that the ITV companies are not yet "breaking even"; but also that they would hardly have expected to be by this time. Their costs are bound to be particularly heavy *while only one station (London) is operating.* By this time next year, Birmingham, Manchester and Yorkshire should be in operation: then advertising revenue will increase, while costs will be spread over the various programme contractors.

It has been noted that advertisers are not yet buying time on week-day mornings. Mr. Meyer claimed that this also was not unexpected—that in the early days of American television, and of Radio Normandy and Radio Luxembourg, there was a similar tendency by advertisers to wait until it was proved that morning audiences had been built up.

Such proof must depend on reliable viewer-research. It seems extraordinary that ITV should have begun without any provision at all for such research; and it is piquant that, apparently, B.B.C. research surveys are to be made available for ITV and its customers.

For the moment, then, ITV is living largely on these customers' confidence in the future. In the evenings at least, there is no sign of want of confidence. Detergents supply a large proportion of the commercials: there is a steady procession of grease-ringed sinks and baths. Cosmetics and toothpaste promise the viewer impermeable glamour and "the day-long mouth-freshness that leads to romance." Sleep-inducing bedtime beverages are probably needed after days spent at a "featherweight" sewing-machine said to weigh "only 11lb" (rather a lot of feathers?). Slick as some of them are, none of these commercials can compare, in taste and interest, with Mr. Betjeman's *Discovering Britain* series for Shell (Fridays between 8 and 10 p.m.).

Chief criticism of the commercials is that they sometimes interrupt programmes—e.g., *Colonel March of Scotland Yard*—at moments of suspense. These are deemed by the companies to be "natural breaks" (the reassuring phrase used when commercial TV was being pushed through Parliament). Sometimes a commercial is preceded by a visual caption announcing dogmatically: "This is a natural break." Advertisers obviously want to place their commercials immediately before or after popular programmes: it might be thought that the shrewder of them would regard it as bad policy to irritate viewers by such interruptions. But the comparison with the fall of the curtain during the intervals of a stage-play is advanced to excuse the practice.

Commercials are limited to six minutes an hour. The peak-time charge is £1,000 a minute. In addition, revenue is obtained from magazine and documentary programmes, lasting 15 or 20 minutes, in which a number of products are named or a big store visited. Firms pay £350 for two minutes in this kind of programme; a 20-minute tour of, say, Harrods will cost the store £1,300 for time (and several thousand pounds more for making the necessary film).

During last year's Commons debates, the Opposition warned the Government that to allow programmes of this kind (referred to in the White Paper as "shopping guides") would "drive a coach and horses" through the basic principle that British commercial television was to be free from direct sponsorship of programmes by advertisers. Asked about the Harrods programme, Mr. Meyer said, proudly: "This *is* the coach and horses."

Section 3 (3) of the Television Act reads as follows:—

Nothing shall be included in any programme broadcast by the Authority, whether in an advertisement or not, which offers any prize of significant value . . . or any gift of significant value, being a prize or gift which is available only to persons receiving that programme. . . .

Innocent M.P.s no doubt supposed that this would preclude "give-away" programmes on the American model. In fact, lavish gifts in kind are distributed in some programmes, and the cash prize for success in a difficult but infantile game in *Sunday Night at the London Palladium* now stands at £700.

Isn't this "of significant value?" Of course. Are Associated Television, then, not breaking the law. Not at all. "Persons receiving that programme," in the words of the Act, are the viewers: the restriction is deemed not to apply to studio audiences. The Authority takes the view that the letter of the Act would still not be broken if as much as $64,000 were given away.

A general criticism of the main programmes themselves has been that they contain too large a proportion of film. This, Mr. Meyer explained, is a matter of economic necessity, incidental to this first phase of the business: "live" programmes, however excellent, are seen only once and lost for ever; some of the money spent on them is, in a sense, unrecoverable; film can be used again and again. So *Theatre Royal* (Sunday, 9 p.m.) despite its elaborate productions and

the high salaries of such actors as Eric Portman and Marius Goring, will ultimately have cost less than *Sunday Night at the London Palladium* (8 p.m.). Next year provincial viewers will see many of the more successful filmed programmes that London viewers are now seeing.

Programme costs, finally, including "talent" and "facilities" (but not including engineering or overheads) form the greater part of the companies' total expenditure—as much as 60-65 per cent. of it. This is believed to compare favourably with the proportionately heavier administrative costs of the B.B.C., though for obvious reasons direct comparisons are not possible.

TOM DRIBERG

Cat on the Tiles

"To Catch a Thief," at the Odeon
"The Girl Rush," at the Plaza

One expects the worst from a "Royal" performance; and this time Olivier's *Richard III*—which might seem to have some suitability to the occasion—was passed over in favour of *To Catch a Thief*. At least this is Hitchcock, even if—as it turns out—far from the best Hitchcock. The glitter and, now and then, the fun are there. Flying start: we get off to a woman, screaming murder, who has just lost her jewels: a cat walking off over the tiles. More screams, other cat walks; and so we are launched into the tale of a cat burglar on the Riviera. Hitchcock obviously revels in that expensive coast. The villa with a rose garden in the hills, the secluded viewpoint over Monte Carlo, rocky forelands, the front at Cannes, moonlight on the house in the palms: all these expand lushly in Technicolor and VistaVision. A climactic love scene evokes fireworks from the harbour, car chases are watched from an aeroplane over the Corniche, and a shady deal and a scrap with the police enjoy the efflorescence of the Nice flower market. Then there are such Hitchcock touches as the comedy of the car chase: the first car has to pull up for an old woman with her washing; she drops the washing, which debars the pursuers; the thread of this chuckle is pursued to a hen that finally makes the police crash. Most of the ingredients, which none knows better how to mix than this past-master of the thriller, would seem to be present. Yet something, hugely, is missing. What? The good tense story with atmosphere. *To Catch a Thief* just isn't thrilling enough, and when it exchanges amusement for thrills it is mildly funny but nothing more. It seems to me that Hitchcock has misjudged the status of his plot. We can't take this yarn about former jailbirds who all joined the Resistance and now work in a hotel kitchen, seriously—not even with that limited seriousness required of the thriller. Characters and plot being absurd, the treatment should have matched them: Clair made his impossible crooks dance under a skylight and march into the opera wearing evening dress and bowler hats. Hitchcock doesn't—can't—make his figures dance; and the result is a little stodgy. There are bright moments in the dialogue, flashes of surprise in action, but they are too loosely strung on a too-dull string. Mr. Cary Grant is the hero, Miss Grace Kelly the heroine: the former especially—used to showing a brave face when things should be bright—works hard. I missed Hitchcock's own walk-on; unless, grown suddenly younger, he was that plump female cook who so led the police astray. By the way, the programme is improved by *Rowlandson's England*, a 19-minute documentary of Napoleonic times as seen through Rowlandson's eye and hand; the drawings have been skilfully brought together, and the text—written by Robert Hamer and spoken by Alec Guinness—is elegantly amusing.

A new musical, *The Girl Rush*, brings back Miss Rosalind Russell, but a Miss Russell who has abandoned charm for hard efficiency. She bashes, cracks, kicks, and sings her way through

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a piece that has some relentless go, though I can't pretend that I want to see it—or even the new Miss Russell—again. WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"The Queen and the Rebels," at the Haymarket

The setting of Ugo Betti's remarkable play (discussed in this journal by Mr. T. C. Worsley when it was played at Coventry) is a proletarian revolution. The heroine is a tart who is executed as a queen. Her principal persecutor (quietly and powerfully played by Leon McKern) is that now familiar stage character, the Commissar. But as in all good tragedies, the drama is the individual's struggle, caught in a net woven in part by the character of the victim.

The Queen herself appears escaping in the disguise of a peasant. Argia, the prostitute, a fellow traveller to the frontier, divines her identity, and is at first tempted to share the spoils of the trail with an odious lackey of the Revolution, who was formerly her lover. At the critical moment Argia discovers in herself a strain of pity and nobility, and helps the Queen to escape. Herself taxed with being the Queen, she accepts the part. It is here that the influence of Pirandello, once Betti's master, takes charge. For Argia discovers a new dignity in defying her enemies and behaving, not as she would expect herself to behave, but as the meanest of her subjects believes that a real Queen should behave. In effect Argia becomes the Queen.

There is a weakness at the climax, when the Commissar, who has been applying every kind of pressure to make her reveal the names of the Queen's leading supporters, seems suddenly to believe her when she says that she forgets them; one is even in some doubt at the end whether the Commissar himself believes or has believed that she is the Queen or whether he thinks it expedient that the wrong woman should die for the Revolution. This flaw may be the fault of the play or of the production; it is certainly not the fault of Irene Worth, who has the opportunity of a lifetime and seizes it magnificently.

K. M.

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Correspondence

LOOK WHO'S TALKING

SIR,—Once again a Chancellor is nagging me to cut down my expenditure on home-produced consumer goods, which might be used for export, in order to pay for necessary imports. How necessary are these imports, I can't help asking as I leaf through the list of things which can be brought in under general licence?

For whose benefit, for instance, are dolls' eyelashes imported? Or llama wool? Or pickled goatskins? Or smelling salts? I have not seen anyone use smelling salts for thirty years. Has Mr. Butler? If not, why should I deprive myself of anything I do use in order to bring in smelling salts as a speculation? There is another startling item I should like explained: "Mum (beer)." Beer for Mum? Or is Mum a kind of beer? If so, I have never heard of it. We both import and export blancmange powder, it appears. What an extraordinary thing to do! All sorts of exotic hair besides llama wool come in. There's elk hair, too. It would be nice to know what that makes. Various grades of human hair I can understand: these really are needed for wigs. But I am uncomfortably moved by the trade name "Convent Clip" for the top quality. Behind this crisp description lie how many broken love affairs, how much shrinking from the world and the flesh, how many convictions of religious vocation? Convent Clip is the hair of novices cut off when they prepare to take the veil. They are young and the hair is soft, strong and glossy. Oh dear—still, if they are going to lose it anyway, it might as well cover naturally bald heads. I am willing to refrain from buying something I want in order to bring the Convent Clip. But not imitation rum. Why do we import imitation rum? Both rum and imitation rum are on the list. Sesame oil is there too, with no indication of its purpose. This is the better side of the list—its matter-of-fact, laconic mystery. I could while away hours thinking out what Sesame oil might do for us internationally.

I feel I have the complete answer now to that question which is always cropping up in brains trusts: "What three volumes would you take to a desert island?" Hardly anyone dares to leave out the Bible and Shakespeare; so the choice is narrowed to one. In future, for many reasons, I shall also take the Import List. Alphabetically, for instance, its juxtapositions are striking. Next to one another come Mares, Margarine, Marguerite, Marigold. If Marguerite and Marigold are girls, what does Mr. Butler want with them? And if they are, as I suspect, flower seeds, I can't see why he wants to bring in Marguerite: very pretty, but growing wild in every field. Lapis Lazuli . . . Lavatories (cast-iron). I am not certain if I have ever seen lapis lazuli here or elsewhere—it has a romantic sound; but I am sure I have never met a cast-iron lavatory. Has anybody? Perhaps, if I could have one entry only justified to me, it would be "circles." In what sort of circles does Mr. Butler feel we ought to trade? For circles, like blancmange powder, are something we both import and export. I can as a matter of fact think of a number of circles I would willingly export at a price—or even without a price. But not in order to import other circles. Nor——

The List has 142 pages: let the Chancellor read it again before he asks me for further sacrifices.

E. ARNOT ROBERTSON

Heath Street, N.W.3.

CHURCH AND STATE

SIR,—I have not the facilities apparently available to the writer of your article for ascertaining the mind of "a large and growing part" of the Church of England. But I am better acquainted with its official teaching. Whether dissentients are few or many, the Anglican Church in its formularies and public declarations upholds the indissolubility of marriage. The Archbishop is the mouthpiece not of a faction but of the Church.

Still less would I venture to claim, as the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION does, to know with certainty what "the British public thinks." But as the *Daily Mirror*, the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION and *Daily Express* are so heartily in agreement on Princess Margaret's affairs I can guess. The popular view is that personal happiness comes first. "Why shouldn't I if it will make me happy?" The whole question of marriage and divorce is bedevilled by this false notion. The Christian faith repudiates it. It is fortunate that Princess Margaret has herself said that she puts the Church's teaching and the claims of duty before other considerations; or the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION would certainly call it cant. ALAN SYMON

The Vicarage,
Watchet, Somerset.

SIR,—Amidst all the cant that has been poured out to force Princess Margaret to abandon Group Captain Townsend, the bit that rather appals me is the idea that the Royal Family sets a personal example to all the peoples of the Commonwealth. Does the Anglican hierarchy really think that anyone, faced with a personal moral choice, stops to say to himself: "Would the Queen do this? Would the Duke of Edinburgh do that?" The life of the Royal Family is so divorced from the reality of life as lived by the citizens of their kingdom that no one would consider their example in such matters any more than they would want to run large homes in London, Windsor, Sandringham, and Balmoral.

I would agree that the Royal Family is a *symbol*, though of what I am not sure. But they are too utterly remote from the citizen of a democracy to be considered an *example*—unlike the more approachable Scandinavian monarchies, who might fairly claim to be so. The recent cruel farce which has been played out on Townsend and Princess Margaret increases that remoteness and, no doubt, enhances the mystic symbolic value; but, as for their personal example in these matters, it must seem inhuman and unreal (if not downright offensive to a gallant airman) to the tolerant majority of their subjects. J. E. D. CLARK

3 Heathview Gardens, S.W.15.

SIR,—Will you allow me to suggest that Mr. Malcolm Muggeridge appears to have overlooked one important function of the Royal Family?

Where a Pope is an austere and superhuman personification of the Ethical Absolute; a King is a genial and human personification of the Moral Absolute.

The British Moral Absolute demands marital fidelity; and the British people waited on tenterhooks to see whether their loved Princess would confirm their loyalties by accepting their Moral Absolute on their behalf. RICHARD HOPE

East Harting, Petersfield.

SIR,—Your correspondent, E. I. Griffith, assumed too readily that Christians are seemingly unaffected by all the trivia which is at the moment being given so much prominence in the popular press. Quite candidly I am one who is sick unto death, enraged, appalled and disgusted with the whole affair. I quote a passage from Lytton Strachey's *Eminent Victorians* to prove my point.

The Church of England bore everywhere upon it the signs of human imperfection; it was the outcome of revolution and of compromise, of the exigencies of politicians and the caprices of princes, of the prejudices of theologians and the necessities of State.

This, I think, sums up the present situation nicely: The Church of England is an accommodating institution. Unfortunately it isn't accommodating enough.

MICHAEL WARWICK

36 Percy Park, Tynemouth.

THE RED DANUBE

SIR,—By chance it happened that I read Mr. MacKenzie's article "Second Impressions of the Red Danube" the day after my return from Bucharest, and, as usual, it was astonishing to find what different people see in the same place at almost the same time.

Mr. MacKenzie complains of being over-guided. "There is first the ever-present interpreter . . . or

two or more senior officials." Now my Rumanian is probably worse than Mr. MacKenzie's, I can read poetry and the newspaper headlines but that's about all. Yet my wife and I wandered freely, unaccompanied, all over Bucharest, Cluj, Orasul Stalin, taking photographs wherever we wanted to, and brought back some three hundred negatives which are not yet processed. We required no authority, no pass, nobody asked to see the films.

Nor can I understand what Mr. MacKenzie means about "formal visits" to the shops. Why did he not just go shopping? He would have to scrum because the shops, whether they are big stores in Bucharest, or smaller shops in provincial towns are always so full of buyers that it generally seems like sales time in Oxford Street. We shopped at all times, early morning and late at night, without guides or interpreters. There is simply no question that buying of consumer goods is going on at a tremendous rate among all sections of the population. It is also true there are shortages, particularly of imported textiles on which Mr. MacKenzie seems to base his for too sketchy calculations of the cost of living. Who wants to buy a woollen jersey when he can buy a sheepskin waistcoat cheaper? In a country which is bursting with melons and grapes and corn-cobs, and where the red and green paprikas are hanging up to dry outside every cottage and barn, Mr. MacKenzie goes out to inquire the cost of canned peas!

When he wonders "whether some of the places I visited were under martial law" I simply rub my eyes. Was I so blind? Is it a case of the trained observer seeing through the veil? To my simple eyes it seemed the police were unarmed. I saw hardly any military outside the camps and ordinary army establishments.

The queerest thing of all is that Mr. MacKenzie found "a cowed and sullen people" where we seemed to find the gayest people we had met in years.

MONTAGU SLATER

EGYPTIAN PRISONS

SIR,—I am afraid the information which reached you about "Abou Zaabal concentration camp" in Egypt is entirely unfounded. Abou Zaabal and Toura are the only two prisons in Egypt where prisoners sentenced for hard labour are housed, and can be compared to Dartmoor in this country. They do not consist of tents in the desert, but are ordinary large prisons of similar construction to the English ones, located near Cairo and founded more than half a century ago. Prisoners not sentenced for hard labour stay in the prisons of the towns where they are tried. Conditions in these prisons were largely improved by the present Government. Apart from some Muslim Brothers, who were given sentences, after last year's destruction plot, there are hardly any political prisoners in Egypt. Indeed, there were many socialists in prison in the last years of Farouk's reign, but they all were set free at the first moment of the revolution, and one of them—Fathi Radwan—was immediately appointed a Minister in the Government which followed the *coup d'état*, and he is still a member of the present Government. This is because—as surely you know—the movement was in fact the first genuine strong social movement in Egypt, as was clearly shown by what was done for the fellahin and the poor working class in Egypt. For the first time these fellahin can enjoy having their own land to cultivate, instead of being exploited by the landowners.

I left Egypt four months ago, and I am sure such drastic changes as those given to you cannot have happened in this short time.

9 Ducie Street, M. EL NADI
Liverpool, 8.

SIR WINSTON AND WALL STREET

SIR,—I am sure it would be ungracious for me even to seem to take exception to Mr. Partridge's generous comment on my recent book on the 1929 stock market crash. However, his suggestion that I hold Sir Winston Churchill partly responsible for this dismal event has been made by one or two others so, clearly, I have left myself open to that interpretation. Sir Winston should know—he will doubtless be able to keep his joy within seemly limits—that I really meant to exculpate him. I was trying to be ironical about the elaborate (and decidedly isolationist) nonsense that attributed the boom and collapse to the overvaluing of sterling in 1925, the ensuing pressure on sterling exchanges, the plea by Montagu Norman to New York for easier money rates, the misguided internationalism of the New York Federal Reserve Bank in responding and the ensuing rush to speculate with the cheaper funds. To modify an ancient *cliché*, history was never that complicated.

Geneva. J. K. GALBRAITH

THE COMMUNIST LOBBY

SIR,—As a member of "the Communist Lobby" who has many disagreements with Communism, I was interested to read that we were "arguing a stylised party line." The deputation to which I belonged made three points to our M.P.: (1) The Government should press for an international ban on experimental nuclear explosions; (2) it should recognise as permanent the Eastern frontier of Germany drawn at Potsdam; (3) it should concentrate in its atomic energy programme on the export of power stations.

The British Peace Committee, which organised the Lobby on Oct. 25 (and which should receive the credit for its orderly arrangement), is admittedly backed by Communists. Nevertheless, although hampered by Labour Party proscription, it offers an excellent medium for an exchange of views between Communists and non-Communists and for united action by those who cannot stomach our present foreign policy. I support it because it is the body which offers the most effective opposition to the Eden-Attlee policy of cynically rearming Germany in order to push her into Nato and of relying for peace on the monstrous buff of the H-bomb.

Opinion polls show that a majority of Britons are opposed to Eden-Attleeism. For instance a Gallup poll taken last May (quoted by courtesy of the *News Chronicle*) found that only 33 per cent. of us want Britain to make the H-Bomb. It is ridiculous to argue that the majority is helpless because the Eden-Attleeists control almost all the publicity channels. One good way of helping to make our views effective is to give them in a reasonable and polite manner to our M.P. "The Communist Lobby" has done this and we shall continue to do it. But where's everyone else?

43 Wulfstan Way, S. W. GREEN
Cambridge.

STRAVINSKY AS SERIALIST

SIR,—In your issue for July 16 I promised to disprove Desmond Shawe-Taylor's article (July 2) on my serial analysis of Stravinsky's *In Memoriam Dylan Thomas* "in conscientious detail." Meanwhile, my reaction has come to occupy the space of more than one article. My piece on *The Audibility of Serial Technique* in the *Monthly Musical Record* for November deals with Shawe-Taylor's basic criticisms as if they were queries raised by the general public, while in *The Music Review* for the same month, I am devoting part of my article on *Dodecaphoneys* (sub-heading "Critics") to the rest of Shawe-Taylor's points, showing that he did not know what he was talking about.

Our controversy is not one of those playful squabbles that brighten up the pages of highbrow journals. The validity of the creative methods of our age's two leading composers is involved. If Shawe-Taylor is right, Schoenberg and Stravinsky and the vast majority of composers under forty all over the world are not only wrong but mad.

Hampstead. HANS KELLER

OUR QUESTIONNAIRE

SIR,—I wanted to reply to your questionnaire, but I failed to do so. I am a lorry driver (long distance), and I claim a record. You have no reader who has seen and read your valuable weekly in more towns than myself. When I put up my lorry overnight, I find the library and the NEW STATESMAN even before my meal.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Huguenots and Papists

A Gunpowder Sermon

MINORITY religions resemble one another. There is a similarity of circumstance and experience which overshadows many differences of content and teaching. Take the French Protestants, the most self-conscious of Protestants; their history is very similar to that of the English Catholics, the most self-conscious of Catholics.

In the sixteenth century the French Huguenots, like the English recusants, seemed the majority of the country. When power in the State was secured by their opponents, both alike dwindled. From the 1680s, with the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes in France and the Glorious Revolution in England, both alike gave up hope of ever controlling the State, and a period of quiet attrition began. Eighteenth-century religion, in the upper classes at least, minimised doctrinal differences and recusant peers in England, Huguenot noblemen in France, found it easy to slide into the communion of the majority. If they persisted in their minority beliefs, it was by tradition rather than conviction. For such a tradition they were no longer persecuted, but they paid a price. Both alike were excluded from the service of the State, from the national education. The recusants sent their sons to Douay and worshipped at the chapels of Catholic Embassies in London; the Huguenots sent their sons to England and Holland and worshipped at the chapels of Protestant Embassies in Paris. The question was, whether the family tradition was worth the price? Some decided that it was not, and relapsed. Others, unwilling to desert their traditions, sought to have the price reduced. They advertised their exemplary behaviour. Gone were the days when Calvinists preached revolutionary republicanism against Catholic Kings and Catholics the papal deposition of Protestant Kings. What Englishmen more loyal even to the Hanoverians than the recusant nobility and gentry and their chaplains? What Frenchmen more loyal even to Louis XIV than the Huguenot noblemen and their pastors? Thus they hoped to earn relief from remaining disabilities. At the close of the century they obtained it. In 1778 the English Parliament passed the first Catholic Relief Act; in 1787 Louis XVI published, for the Huguenots, his Edict of Grace. On the eve of the Revolution religious differences seemed to have died. The "Cisalpine" English Catholics, like the loyal French Huguenots, seemed almost a sect of the Established Church.

And after the Revolution, in the new climate of the nineteenth century? We all know of the Catholic revival in England, how that moribund, residuary, tolerated religion, shifting its basis from the cool-blooded aristocracy to the fanatical Irish peasantry, reasserted itself, gathering recruits, preaching defiance, and causing dismay to the Establishment; and we tend to think that Catholicism, as such, then showed a greater vitality than Protestantism. But when we look at France, what do we find? In 1830, the year after the Catholic Emancipation in England, Louis-Philippe came to the throne and inaugurated a new age of Protestant ascendancy. The Crown Princess was a Protestant; so was the Prime Minister Guizot; so were two other ministers, Gasparin and Pelet de la Lozère. They dominated the government, the markets, the salons. In 1852, the year after the "Papal Aggression" in England, the *Société de l'Histoire du Protestantisme* was founded, a fertile source of commemoration and propaganda. Then came the Third Republic, bringing even greater triumphs. The Protestant minority provided two Presidents of the Republic. They dominated and reformed the system of Education. They controlled high finance. They made spectacular conversions. And in the 1880s, just as Cardinal Manning in England sought to proclaim a social catholicism, so, in France, the pastor Tommy Fallot founded the movement of social Protestantism which still flourishes under the name of *Christianisme Social*. The freethinker Quinet, the Catholic Renan, declared that only through Protestantism could France be revitalised; and Ernest Renauld, surveying with alarm the ascendancy of Protestants throughout the national life, published his rallying cries, first *le Péril Protestant*, then *la Conquête Protestante*.

It is easy, when one makes such a comparison, to conclude that religions do not in themselves, or at least in their practical expressions, differ very much: that such external facts as establishment, or independence, or persecution are more significant than doctrine or internal discipline. And this indifferency can be fortified if we stop to observe the Christian Churches silently and secretly stealing each other's doctrinal clothes. But before sinking into such a sceptical conclusion, it is as well to test it by looking beyond similarities to differences. Fortunately, in respect of French Protestantism, we are now singularly well equipped to do so. Two new books, different but complementary, provide us with ample evidence and stimulating suggestions. One is by a distinguished French protestant historian, M. Emile G. Léonard*; the other by an American student of politics, a disciple of that great French sociologist, himself an Alsatian Protestant, André Siegfried.†

For beyond all questions of quantity—the response of parties or Churches to the policy of the State or the movement of the age—there is the question of quality. Quantitatively the English Catholics, now ten per cent of the nation, compare favourably with the French Protestants, now one per cent; and their fluctuations have been similar. But what a difference in quality and achievement! At no time have the English Catholics been an active or progressive element in the nation. They may expand within society, but they do not animate any part of it. On the other hand, the French Protestants have always been an active force. Henri IV, even after his conversion, filled his court with Huguenots. He had a Jesuit confessor, but his ministers, his advisers, his men of affairs were Protestants: "I trust them more around my person," he said, "than any of my new religion." Their names are famous: Sully, Laffemas, Montchrestien, Olivier de Serres. Protestants built the Paris of Henri IV as they afterwards rebuilt the Paris of Napoleon III. Cardinal Richelieu similarly relied on Protestant advisers; so did Mazarin, so did Colbert; and when Louis XIV revoked the Edict of Nantes, what talent the Huguenot *Diaspora* carried over Northern Europe! Is there anything like it among the recusant exiles under our Queen Elizabeth? The question only has to be asked to be dismissed.

When one turns to the nineteenth century it is the same. The Catholic minority in England expanded also in that century; but who were its recruits? They were the casualties of change: intellectuals tired of thinking, aristocrats unable to compete in society, worldlings weary of the world. How well one knows the face of certain converts to Catholicism—that smooth, exhausted look, burnt-out and yet at rest, as of a motorist who, after many mishaps and mounting insurance-premiums, has at last decided to drive himself no more, and having found a chauffeur with excellent references, resigns himself to safer travel in a cushioned back-seat. Very different were the expanding Protestant minority in nineteenth-century France, the creators of the Third Republic, the educators of modern France.

Turning to politics, we find the same difference. French Protestantism has a dynamic which Catholicism has not, or has lost. English Catholics solicit pity for their past "sufferings"; French Protestants boast that they always hit back. Under Louis XIV two Marshals of France and 25,000 regular soldiers took two years to suppress a few hundred Protestant peasants in the Cevennes. Throughout the eighteenth century, when its social leaders had fled abroad or were conforming, the "Protestantism of the Desert" refused to yield, and while the men went to the galleys, the women, locked up in the *Tour de Constance* at Aigues-Mortes, carved the slogan *"Résister"* in their prison-stone. In 1870 it was the Protestant ministers who refused capitulation to the Prussian army; and in the last twenty years the pattern has been repeated. While the Roman Church complied with fascism, or only resisted in defence of its own sectarian interests, and while Vichy and the Church propped each other up and sought to undo the great educational work of the Republic, the French Protestants prepared once more to resist. From 1935 French Protestants in the universities organised for the defence of freedom of conscience. In 1940, of the seven members of General de Gaulle's committee for political re-education after victory, five were Protestants.

In France itself the geography of the Resistance coincides remarkably with the geography of Protestantism. And while the French hierarchy complied with Vichy and its masters,

* *Le Protestant Français*. By E. G. LÉONARD. *Presses Universitaires de France*. 22s. 6d.

† *Protestantism and Politics in France*. By STUART R. SCHRAM. *Alençon, Imprimerie Corbière & Jugain* 18s.

the President of the Reformed Church never bowed the knee to Baal. Ordered to broadcast in favour of the German requisition of skilled workers, Pastor Boegner firmly refused. "I am distressed to observe," the head of the Vichy radio service wrote to him, "that, although your Catholic colleague has found powerful arguments in the Gospel for rendering to Cæsar that which is Cæsar's and to God that which is God's, I have listened in vain for any sign of such efforts by your pastors"; nor could all the threats of the German authorities persuade Pastor Boegner to imitate the Catholic cardinals and archbishops in denouncing Allied bombardments. The Catholic Church sometimes resisted Fascism; but it waited till it was directly attacked and then it resisted only in defence of the rights of Catholicism. The French Protestants resisted from the start; and they resisted (as Pastor Boegner showed by his famous letter on the persecution of the Jews) in defence of the rights of man.

What is the source of this difference, of this Protestant dynamism which so contrasts with the defensive character of Catholic minorities? Is it essentially a Calvinist force—for the record of Lutheran Germany is very different? But the Lutherans of Alsace have provided French Protestantism with as much of its vigour as the Calvinists of the *Midi*. Is it then the special individualism of the French—for even the Catholics in France have, to their credit, given a good deal of trouble to the Pope? Possibly; but if so, this individualism is undoubtedly made sharper, more positive, more radical by Protestantism. The French Protestant is, above all, an *active* individualist; collectively, his community is not a tribe but an *élite*. In his character and social behaviour he is, as Professor Léonard says, *un noble*. Among the peasants of the *Midi*, as in Ireland, the Protestants are the admitted aristocracy. A modern Swiss writer has noticed it: they are, he writes, "*très conscients d'une supériorité qu'ils ne peuvent attribuer au rang social, ni au salaire, c'est evident, mais à la réligion.*" And in the sixteenth century Agrippa d'Aubigné described the Protestants of the South as "*Princes qui règnent sur eux-mêmes.*" Perhaps all genuine Protestantism has something of this proud self-respect which reaches its grim logical form in Calvin's doctrine of the Elect. Even in England, converts to Popery are generally regarded as socially *déclassés*. Newman's *Apologia* may excite pity: it cannot command respect. An *élite* never asks for pity: the concept is self-contradictory. Rather it moves to the attack and becomes a party of revolt. Its slogan (when it needs one) will be, Keep Left.

Such observations do not answer so large a question; but perhaps it is something to have posed it. In the past the practical effect of doctrinal difference has often been exaggerated. More recently it has been attenuated. I believe that it has been rightly attenuated. Much that was formerly ascribed to direct teaching can be shown, if we make fair comparisons, to have been caused by external circumstances. Yet the genuine differences remain. Nowhere are they shown more clearly than in these two minorities whose external history has been so similar, the English Catholics and the French Protestants.

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

And Learn a Style from a Despair

Collected Poems. By WILLIAM EMPSON. *Chatto & Windus.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

More than twenty-five years ago Cambridge was reading the first Empson poems in University magazines. William Empson was to Cambridge what Auden was to Oxford, a poet who came into being apparently fully formed. From the first his poetic voice was as unmistakable as that of Donne. Like Donne's, his style is so much the outcome of his own highly individual cast of mind that he seems to have neither predecessors nor successors (though he has imitators, a very different matter, since few things are more easy or less valuable than to mimic a strongly personal style). He is close to Auden and his school in a certain virile colloquialism of vocabulary (though more adult in idiom) but in no other respect. The characteristic quality of his poetry—those complex fields of allusion that spread from some central magnetic word or image—is unique in modern verse, and derives in the main from Shakespeare. The suggestion that the ambiguities in certain of the Sonnets might be deliberate was first made in an essay by Robert Graves and Laura Riding; and this suggested the theme of William Empson's *Seven Types of Ambiguity*, a study undertaken for his Director of Studies, Dr. I. A. Richards. In this book one may find the key to his own poetic method.

It might be said that all poetry depends upon the concentration of several meanings simultaneously within some single word or image. The symbol evokes layers of meaning in depth—so one may picture it—taking its soundings into the Four Worlds of subjectivity. The complexes of meaning characteristic of the seventeenth-century metaphysical poets and of William Empson extend into an objective world, in breadth rather than in depth. The counters are Coleridge's "fixities and definites" (lutes and lobsters)—making the metaphysicals, in this respect, poets rather of fancy than of imagination. If imaginative depths are stirred (as they are both by Donne and by Empson) it is not by reason of their wit, but rather by the compulsive intensity of the passion by which both are driven to impose order upon fields of knowledge and experience so contradictory as to threaten the mind that contains them with disintegration—the compulsion, as Empson writes, to "learn a style from a despair."

This need for a new imaginative synthesis of knowledge is one of the recurring human situations in a non-traditional society. Donne's poetry reflects one such moment, Empson's another, at which imagination has had to adjust itself to a new scientific world-picture at once alarming and inspiring. William Empson, himself a mathematician, was writing his poems at the University where Cockcroft, Blackett and Kapitzer, Hopkins and Haldane, Thomson and Adrian, were engaged in discoveries that had, at the time, just that incandescence of newly minted knowledge that goes to the making of metaphysical poetry. Einstein's theory of Relativity was making its impact upon philosophy and common knowledge through Whitehead and Russell, Jeans and Eddington. Wittgenstein and Dirac were writing their works. Anthropology was a new science. A poet with a sense of where contemporary thought was most living was bound to seek his material among the sciences. William Empson was not alone. Michael Roberts (also a mathematician) was already in this field, and his *Faber Book of Modern Verse* (1936) reflected this scientific trend. There was no sense, at that time, that a distinction ought to be kept between the arts and the sciences—rather, science was regarded as the raw material of poetic imagery.

The Oxford poets of the same time were attempting to come to terms with a changing world through politics, and tended to regard Empson as culpably non-committal, even escapist, upon this apparently clear moral issue. Yet today he remains well to the Left of any of these poets, whose political enthusiasms of the Thirties have in many cases revealed themselves as the projection of a personal problem upon a historical issue. Empson was in fact more deeply *engaged* than we realised—none the less so for refraining to take sides (a political sense may make its possessor more hesitant to do so than one who lacks it).

> Nor is it shameful to aver
> A vague desire to be about
> Where the important things occur—

—so he wrote in 1937 on the mountain of Nan Yueh, travelling with his students of Pekin University in the great retreat before the advancing Japanese armies. There is none of the element of tourism in the fine poem he wrote there that one now finds in some Spanish Civil War verse and in most post-war verse written "where the important things occur." He takes, with ease, wars and revolutions within the scope of a concern that is none the less passionate for being unemotional (passion is impersonal, emotion personal), and one may almost say professional (an elder brother is an Ambassador). One of his sonnets opens with a line that recalls the grand manner of Pope:

> Not wrongly moved by this dismaying scene—

and concludes in terms of stoical refusal made not emotionally, but by mere force of intelligence, to be carried away by any ideology, "To scorch all earth of all but one machine."

> A more heartening fact about the culture of man
> Is their appalling stubborness. The sea
> Is always calm ten fathoms down. The gigantic anthropological circus riotously
> Holds open all its booths. The pygmy plan
> Is one note each and the tune goes out free.

The young tend to admire the extent of knowledge rather than its depth; and Professor Empson's reputation is, if only because he possesses such breadth, greatest in the Universities. As one re-reads his poetry, the cleverness no longer seems its most impressive quality. On the contrary, many of the allusions—to experiments on the composition of the blood, or grafting of muscle-tissue, or to names like Leavis and Wittgenstein, are likely to become more, not less obscure with the passage of time. This is a limitation of Metaphysical poetry, that relies for certain effects on the use of facts remarkable more for their singularity than their universality, as compared with poetry metaphysical in the philosophic sense—Donne as compared with Milton, Empson with Yeats. Both Milton and Yeats are as full of learned allusion as are Donne and Empson, but the former in the context of a metaphysical structure, relatively unchanging, the latter in the context of a physical science much less stable. Milton is neither more nor less remote from the present than from his contemporaries; to read Donne, we enter another age's mind. In one of his finest poems, *Bacchus*, Empson writes

> . . . . . the spirit 'stilled
> And flowered round tears-of-wine round the dimmed flask . . . . . .
> Which trickled to a sea, though wit was dry,
> Making a brew thicker than blood, being brine,
> Being the mother water which was first made blood,
> All living blood, and whatever blood makes wine.

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Verses by America's best-selling poetess, the feminine counterpart of Ogden Nash; the *Love Letters* is a "brilliant book" says *The Sunday Times.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

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The subject of happy festivity gives the author a peculiarly charming opportunity for setting forth her original ideas in this book, a companion volume to her popular success, *How to Do the Flowers.*
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New biography of H.I.M. Haile Selassie, publication of which synchronises with the Silver Jubilee of the Emperor of Ethiopia.
With 16 *pages of photographs.* 18*s.*

Third Impression ordered

No Time for Sergeants

Mac Hyman

The story of Will Stockdale who, with little Ben Whitledge and other "draftees," nearly broke the heart of the U.S.A. Air Force. "A marvellously funny book."—*Oxford Mail.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

You have to know certain facts about sea-water (that blood is a little less saline than the present sea suggested to physiologists that life originated in the ocean of an earlier age) which interested science at a certain moment, but is unlikely to continue to do so for long. When Yeats writes—

> See that great Plotinus swim
> Buffeted by such seas,
> Bland Rhadamanthus beckons him,
> But the golden race looks dim,
> Salt blood blocks his eyes—

the first impression may be of equal obscurity. But the metaphysics of Neoplatonism and its symbols are relatively unchanging as compared with the facts of physical science, its tradition more stable. However, it is only the dazzling wit of the surface that has prevented many of his readers from noticing the metaphysical (in the philosophic sense) dimension that gives depth as well as breadth to Empson's work. The poet who has prefaced his *Collected Poems* with an extract from the Fire Sermon, who once wrote a long study of the faces of the Buddha, is not without a permanent context in which to place the more transient knowledge of science—implicit always, more explicit in such poems as *Legal Fiction, This Last Pain, Homage to the British Museum,* or *The Teasers.* Like the Fire Sermon itself, *The Teasers* recognises the experiences of living as, in their final nature, illusion, yet inescapably compelling:

> Not but they die, the teasers and the dreams,
> Not but they die,
> and tell the careful flood
> To give them what they clamour for, and why.
>
> You could not fancy where they rip to blood,
> You could not fancy
> nor that mud
> I have heard speak that will not cake or dry.

The element of fire provides Empson with his finest and most characteristic imagery—chemical combustion, distillation, calcination, the cracking or expansion of substances under heat, optics and the behaviour of the components of matter and energy according to the theory of Relativity; phoenix, dragon and cocatrice. The lines are most characteristically made up of monosyllabic words that must be read with almost equal stress on each syllable, a Vulcan hammer that strikes out the fiery images:

> Not to have fire is to be a skin that shrills.
> The extreme fire is death. From partial fires
> The waste remains, the waste remains and kills.

He can use the high Miltonic style that most of his contemporaries avoid on principle, or more likely through lack of the passion it implies:

> A wheel of fire that span her head across
> Borne soaring forward through a crowd of cloud
> Robed in fire round as heaven's cope
> The god had lit up her despair to fire
> Fire behind grates a part of her despair
> And rang like bells the vaults and the dark
> arches—

or a more subtle monosyllabic delicacy in—

> King spider, walks the velvet roof of streams

(the allusion is to the water spider that does not break the surface tension).

It is hard to say whether it is English pragmatism or Far Eastern metaphysics that gives a certain infallible sense of scale and proportion to every poetic statement. It is only after many readings that we detect, within the Empsonian understatement, more compacted wisdom in two lines, under the brilliant "metaphysical" trickwork that makes up the complex surface-tensions of this noble poetry, than most of his contemporaries can reach in a thousand.

KATHLEEN RAINE

Capricorn

The Dark Eye in Africa. By LAURENS VAN DER POST. *Hogarth Press.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

New Hope in Africa. By J. H. OLDHAM. *Longmans.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The CAS (Capricorn Africa Society) consists of people, mainly Europeans resident in Africa, who offer a solution to the racial problems of Africa. They repudiate *Apartheid* and insist that the pattern of the Gold Coast is also inapplicable to East and Central Africa, where Europeans, though outnumbered by about a hundred to one, have, in their view, acquired the right to regard themselves as, nationally, Africans. On practical grounds they argue that, if the White population is to survive at all, it must discard its selfish policies and racial prejudices, and co-operate with Black Africans who must be given an equal chance educationally, economically, socially, and politically.

Until recently, the CAS advocated the formation of what would in effect be a great new nation, covering Kenya, Uganda, Tanganyika and the three parts of the new Central African Federation, North and South Rhodesia and Nyasaland. According to Dr. Oldham, it has now dropped or at least postponed this programme. It has apparently occurred to CAS that this proposal is not in harmony with the British promise that Uganda, where 7,000 Europeans live amongst 5,300,000 Africans, shall be developed as a mainly African State. He might have added that the attempt to include Uganda and Tanganyika in closer union with Kenya would provoke an even more formidable Mau Mau rebellion. What he does say is that—

> CAS has publicly acknowledged that it now regards as mistaken the view, which it once put forward, that administrative and economic unity could or should precede the achieving of unity and integration between the different races in the separate territories. It takes its stand firmly on the belief that "what Africa needs most today, is not discussion in political terms of wider federation but closer understanding in human terms between Africa's different races."

If this is really agreed by practical "men of push-and-go" like Mr. David Stirling, as well as by Dr. Oldham, CAS ceases to be a political menace, and becomes the effort of a few far-sighted Europeans to change the outlook and behaviour of White men in Africa. Dr. Oldham explains that racial superiority is scientifically and morally untenable; that Europeans themselves are largely responsible for the profound mistrust with which Africans view their proposals and their preaching; and that the test of CAS must be its attitude to land ownership and economic and social equality. Politically, he explains that CAS stands for a common roll for all races, but repudiates universal suffrage and is now studying the proper franchise qualifications as a matter of general principle for Africa. Dr. Oldham's book would be even more valuable if he had applied these principles to the appalling situation in Kenya, or even told us whether he hoped to make converts of the European settlers in Southern Rhodesia.

Mr. Laurens van der Post is the star propagandist for CAS. *The Dark Eye in Africa* is a lecture delivered in March, 1954, to the Psychological Club of Zurich, followed by his answers to questions from his audience. To say just how far his analysis is personal mysticism and how far it is serious psychology would demand a full appreciation of the works of Jung—a thinker of genius whose writing contains so much that is exciting and suggestive that everyone can find in it confirmation for whatever opinion he desires to hold. But it is not Jung's fault that Mr. van der Post sometimes talks sheer rubbish. He tells us that Africa is a very old country indeed, and that "those of us who were born in Africa are born with a sense of this old oldness deep within us." Presumably if his mother had been on a visit to London when he was born, he would not have experienced this strange geological intuition.

Again, how good a writer Mr. van der Post would be if he would stop long enough to distinguish between an image and an argument! He writes admirably, for instance, of the blindness of Europeans who assumed that because the Africans appeared meek, their conquerors could safely be contemptuous. The Europeans, says van der Post, did not ask what had happened to all the suppressed "psychic energy of African life." A fair point, but one can see the false analogy coming. And here it comes! "Surely," says Mr. van der Post, "it is an ineluctable law of physics that energy can be transmitted but never annihilated." But that is exactly the difference between the laws (whatever they are) of psychic energy and the laws of physical energy Many races of men have been wiped out, psychic energy and all. Mr. van der Post will scarcely argue that there is a God in Heaven who has seen to it that the psychic energy of the Red Indians who were murdered by European colonists has been conserved for vengeance against White America. Such unthought passages tempt one to throw *The Dark Eye in Africa* into the wastepaper basket. That would be a mistake. One is compensated by his fine reply to the Dutch in Indonesia who could not understand the ingratitude of Indonesians who wanted to throw out their paternalist benefactors. The Indonesians were, in fact, more affected by the contempt in Dutch eyes than by the building of hospitals. How well Mr. van der Post puts the point too when he says: "It may be true that power corrupts but no power corrupts so subtly as civilised power in a helpless, primitive world." Moreover Mr. van der Post's mysticism is sometimes merely a failure to think through a genuinely important idea. He is quite obviously sincere. He really feels himself to be an "African," and he is to be congratulated upon his honest condemnation of past and present European racialism. If, as one of the leaders of CAS, he refuses to allow himself to be the mouthpiece of cunning politicians, then his own moral appeal to his countrymen may be important.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

Star Dressing-rooms

Blond Venus. By LESLIE FREWIN *MacGibbon & Kee.* 15*s.*

The Folies Bergère. By PAUL DERVAL. *Methuen.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Just a Little Bit of String. By ELLALINE TERRISS. *Hutchinson.* 21*s.*

Victorian Song. By MAURICE WILLSON DISHER. *Phoenix House.* 21*s.*

In a mixed literary hodgepodge of spectacle and song, sweet reminiscence and bosom-studded staircases, it is Miss Dietrich who really holds the attention. *Blond Venus* contains some slap-up film stills of this highly gifted performer and an early off-duty snap ("I'm too fat, and my face looks like a potato") which gives little indication of the majestic beauty that was to appear.

Wily persons, anxious to be thought "marvellous," are said to be adding ten years to their real age. Miss Dietrich (she was christened Maria Magdalene), widely known as a grandmother, is precisely 51 (she was 26 for *The Blue Angel*), but with those splendid bones, as with those of Miss Garbo, age has no significance. Mr. Frewin tells us what little there is to know. Her career has been a businesslike affair: "I really don't want to make movies, or to sing. I have no ambition. I work because I need the money." Her renowned sense of humour (very sharp, they say, about herself) is not allowed a public showing: "It doesn't go with the other thing I advertise." She has been a happy wife and mother (she is still both), and her *Hausfrau* instincts are powerful, though it is scarcely bent over the cooking-pot that we shall think of her but as a beautiful, brooding face staring mistily at us from screens that were a nice, sensible size.

The Folies Bergère, written by its director, is

WINGATE OF THE SUDAN

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This is not strictly a travel book. It is the rare account of a realised affinity, an idyll whose charm is its realistic gusto. The author, an exiled Russian, went to Yunnan on business but was soon as enamoured of the delicious tempo of the high-spirited inhabitants of the ancient Nakhi kingdom, as he was enchanted by the fantastic mountain scenery. *With Illustrations.* 18*s. net.*

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A memoir of Alice King Stewart and Ella Christie, 1861-1949

Averil Stewart

This record of two daughters of a cultured Scottish Victorian family, includes, amongst much else of interest and entertainment, a remarkable account of travel in Central Asia, Tibet, the Far East and Africa undertaken by Ella after the age of forty. The two sisters corresponded with an admirably frank individuality. *With Illustrations.* 21*s. net.*

Fiction

HERE I STAY

Cecil Maiden

Steve Sutherland returns to Brittany to photograph and write about the French Chateaux. He makes for the Chateau de Senescol and is mystified by the extraordinary hostility in the neighbourhood at the least mention of the owner and her grand-daughter. To solve this mystery he is forced to explore into the bitter history of the German occupation. 10*s.* 6*d. net.*

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The Ring Bearer at last fulfils his quest and the power of Sauron, Lord of the Darkness, is crushed. To the end the suspense and excitement of this vast, mysterious epic swallows up the reader. 21*s.*

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In 1802 Captain Michael Symes made his second embassy to the Court of Ava. His journal tells the story of Burmese court life, politics and personalities at that time. 25*s.*

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COLLINS

inclined to make one as gloomily pensive as the *fille de comptoir* in Manet's picture. The theatre was, it seems, built on the site of a furniture shop specialising in what are known as bedroom suites, and the nineteenth-century laws of decency in Europe were muddling in the extreme. A knee could be revealed in Munich but not in Budapest. It was stays-off in Berlin but stays-on in Vienna. However, before long almost anything went and, to prove it, M. Derval includes pictures galore of generous *décolletages*. As an inspiriting tribute to the entry of the Italians into the first World War (1917, we blink to read), twenty "superb" girls pranced on rigged as Bersaglieri, each with one brave breast exposed. There are photographs of Josephine Baker in her famous banana girdle ("That terrible Josephine!"), and Mistinguett is twice glimpsed, peering through a fan and dressed as a feather-mad squaw, alert for smoke-signals. One fact of real interest emerges. The stage is only 18 feet deep, and those towering staircases are the only method of properly displaying a satisfactory quantity of *nues*. "*L'amour le merrier*," as Miss Lillie used to say.

It is delightful when charming actresses write their memoirs but less delightful when they do it twice. It is, perhaps, ungracious to remind Miss Terriss that the major part of *Just a Little Bit of String* has already appeared in her *By Herself and With Others*, but the latter volume is one which theatre devotees are likely to have already on their shelves. The new material is thin, and all such theatrical dishes are better for a stimulating dash of vinegar. Here all is sweetness and light, which indeed reflects the authoress's nature, but does not necessarily make for very spirited reading. It is to be lamented that Miss Terriss, so supreme in musical plays, did not make the transition into a light comedy career. She could be before the public still.

Victorian Song covers some of the same ground as Christopher Pulling's enchanting masterpiece, *They Were Singing*, but most of it is new and refreshing and there is the same magnificent conscientiousness in research. What treats those days provided! In a concert at the Royal Aquarium, Westminster, there was a mermaid, a live whale, performing fleas, an organ recital, "The Village Blacksmith," and the last notes of the Jewel Song from *Faust* had barely died away before the intrepid Zazel was fired seventy feet from a cannon. In the Agricultural Hall, Islington, they might, if your luck was in, be celebrating the Abyssinian Expedition of 1868, passing from "The Minstrel Boy" to a wild musical revel by savages (variations for piccolo and clarinet) and the war hymn, reinforced by bassoons and euphonium, of the Beloochees, with a cornet solo of "Home, Sweet Home" to strike a sobering note. How can Television hope to compete with such excitements? In the Music Hall you might be fortunate enough to catch a song called "Poor Thing," about a lady who married a man who was impolite in the home:

> Her salt tears notwithstanding,
> He shoved her off the landing.

Or Arthur Roberts singing the merry "Crutch and Toothpick":

> Tral la la, bon soir, bye-bye,
> So long, so short, so on,
> Olive oil, au revoir, I
> Shall be happy to see you anon.

A favourite theme of panto songs was the misdemeanours of Mr. Gladstone, but principal boys periodically favoured the audience with:

> Baby boy! Baby boy!
> Come from behind that chair,
> Baby boy! Baby boy!
> I see you hiding there,
> Oh you rascal!

An excellent book. One may smile at some of the lyrics, but the songs had, by and large, a robust quality which makes our modern microphone-tethered songbirds seem even more etiolated.

ARTHUR MARSHALL

Top Secret Service

The Eyes of the Navy. By ADMIRAL SIR WILLIAM JAMES. *Methuen.* 21*s.*

The mystery of Room 40 in the Admiralty was one of the best kept secrets of the 1914-18 War. Closeted there, night and day, sat a band of amateur puzzle-fiends engaged in decoding cyphered German messages from all over the world, with the same brilliance as on Sundays in peacetime they had been accustomed to solve their double acrostics. Sometimes, as with the Zimmermann telegram, their discoveries might decide the fate of nations. Admiral Hall, Chief of Naval Intelligence, stood watchdog over Room 40, never allowing outsiders in to ask questions, and only releasing the information obtained by his cryptographers at his own discretion. Even after the war the mystery persisted to some extent, as if secrecy once started can never be stopped. The occupants dispersed into civilian life, yet their lips are sealed until death by the Official Secrets Act and they can never tell their own story. Some of their spectacular achievements have indeed been publicised by less tongue-tied politicians and diplomats. But when Admiral Hall himself wished to publish his reminiscences in 1933 the Admiralty cut down on him like a knife and silenced him; and he died in 1943 carrying his secrets with him to the grave. Novelists are better equipped than naval officers to dodge the censorship. Somerset Maugham wrapped up some of his own wartime activities in the character of Ashenden; and A. E. W. Mason, Hall's "star turn" as a secret agent in Spain and Mexico, used some of his counter-espionage adventures in his novels. But fiction has not the same bite as fact; and Mason too is now dead, without leaving his true story on record.

In this book Admiral James, one of the few remaining survivors of Room 40, has put together a biography of Admiral Hall from the facts that have already seen print and the scanty papers his old chief left behind him. Even after this enormous lapse of time furtive habits persist; and Admiral James writes with an occasional nervous glance over his shoulder, as if enemy eavesdroppers were still about and he might be letting unauthorised cats out of our national bag. (For instance, the names of his colleagues in Room 40 are still denied us, unless they are dead.) But we must not repine. "Spies, sinister men in fly-blown cafés, double-crossers, seductive blondes, stolen cyphers, tapped wires, cloak-and-dagger men" are all promised us, and duly put in an appearance. The feats of the anonymous cryptographers and their startling impact on the course of the war are lovingly appraised; and Admiral Hall, who presided over them, can be recognised as a man of astonishing originality and genius who may have contributed more to winning that war than either Jellicoe or Haig.

The head of an Intelligence Service does well to be reticent, but Admiral Hall's passion for secrecy was carried to extravagant lengths. He was determined that no inkling of what went on in Room 40 should ever reach Germany at any cost. Sometimes, as in the case of the Zimmermann telegram, his precautions were amply justified. That telegram from Germany proposing an alliance with Mexico to attack the United States was decoded in Room 40. Its publication in the U.S.A. was largely responsible for bringing America into the war on our side. But Hall would never tell the Americans how the trick was done, for fear of the knowledge getting round to Germany. On the other hand the battle of Jutland might have been decisive, had Beatty and Jellicoe known that the information they were getting from the Admiralty about the position of the German fleet was not complicated guess-work, but based on reading the actual German wireless signals as fast as they were emitted. Hall was so keen on hiding his jokers that he kept vital information back from his own Commander-in-Chief at the crucial moment.

After the war Admiral Hall faded into obscurity as a back bench Conservative M.P. The Navy never employed him again; he had trodden on too many toes in his days of triumph. Besides, there

was one black mark against him which he could never live down—the part he played in the execution of Roger Casement. Casement happened to be a homosexual as well as an Irish patriot. Although sentenced to death for treachery, he stood an excellent chance of a reprieve, had not Hall decided to see him hang. Indecent extracts from Casement's private diary were circulated by Hall wherever he thought they would do most damage, until the campaign for mercy petered out. Such vindictive behaviour, one is glad to note, cut Hall's career short as he had cut Casement's.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

Lenin's Rehearsal

Lenin and his Rivals: The Struggle for Russia's Future. By DONALD W. TREADGOLD. *Methuen.* 35*s.*

Every age has its burning question—the one that separates the sheep from the goats and will send you to the stake if you answer it wrongly. Once it was: may men resist an anointed king? Later: are men descended from monkeys? Now we ask: is tyranny an inevitable part of Communism or the result of historical accidents? The liberally minded incline to the more charitable answer. They like to think that Communism would have developed democratically if there had been no wars of intervention, if it had spread to Europe, or if Lenin had lived longer. Mr. Deutscher belongs to this school. At the back of his mind he still thinks that Communism was admirable until Stalin took power. Mr. Carr, too, refuses to see any conscious forethought in the Bolsheviks, though not for liberal reasons. He regards revolutionaries or other idealists as figures of fun; men are worth taking seriously only when they wield power. Therefore Lenin was a romantic dreamer until November, 1917; then he trimmed his theories to fit the facts. This view was challenged recently to good effect by Mr. Schapiro. He showed that the dictatorship of the Party, and therefore implicitly of a single man, was embedded in Lenin's thought at any rate from the beginning of 1917. Now Professor Treadgold pushes the argument much further back. According to him Lenin meant to be a dictator not only in 1917, but from the beginning. He studies the revolutionaries in their first active period, before and during the first Russian revolution; and he brands the period as "the first Popular Front," the time when the Bolsheviks first took their revolutionary comrades for a ride.

He does not seem to have set out with the conscious intention of reaching this conclusion. His book is a skilful analysis of the revolutionary schools. All Russian radicals agreed that there must be a revolution; they even agreed that it must be a political revolution—the winning of democratic rights—at any rate in the first instances. Where they differed was over the question who should lead this revolution. There were three possible claimants—the bourgeoisie, the workers, the peasants. None, it was held, could do it alone; the revolution would have to be the work of "a class and a half"—one leader, one led. Miliukov believed that the middle classes would lead the revolution with proletarian support. Martov and the Mensheviks agreed with this doctrine, though they regretted it. Chernov and the Sovial Revolutionaries wanted a peasant revolution with proletarian allies. Lenin intended to make a proletarian revolution with peasant backing. But, unlike the others (except possibly Miliukov) he meant to ditch his allies as soon as they had done their work. This certainly makes a neat pattern; and it often worked out in practice. But it is too neat to be historically true. Men learn to think after the events, not during them, still less beforehand. There is a repeated suggestion that Lenin must have intended to cheat the peasants because he did so later; and the cheating must have been deliberate because Lenin was too great a man not to understand what he was up to. But it cannot be shown clearly from Lenin's early writings which are alone relevant; and it is tempt-

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Book Society Alternative Fiction Choice for November

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JONATHAN CAPE

ing to suppose that even Lenin failed to solve the peasant problem just as everyone else has done.

The argument might be more convincing if it were clearer. But the book is as difficult to read as a work of theology or a work of Marxism. Believers will take endless trouble to grasp what their inspired teachers would be at. The sceptical reader needs gentler treatment. He is ready to be instructed as well as entertained; but he must be carried along well-marked paths and he cannot be expected to do the author's work for him. What Professor Treadgold has to say is important and perhaps true; but it would be easier to be sure about this if we would be sure what it is he is saying. Marxism seems to have a strange gift of producing obscurity in writers even when they are not Marxists.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

Five Anthologies

A Year of Grace. By VICTOR GOLLANCZ. *Penguin Books.* 3s. 6d.

The Moon is Up. By DOROTHY SAUNDERS. *Phoenix House.* 10s. 6d.

A Classical Anthology. Selection and Translations by L. A. WILDING and R. W. L. WILDING. *Faber.* 18s.

The High Hill of the Muses. By HUGH KINGSMILL. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 25s.

The New Bedside Book: Peace at the Close. By ARTHUR STANLEY. *Gollancz.* 12s. 6d.

Anthologies are, we know, the great wine-tasting festivals of youth—that copy of *The Golden Treasury* tucked inside Julian's cricket shirt so that he may get by heart *Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?* while fielding in the deep. But how often do we recur to them in adult life? To the general anthologies, those that contain something of everything and everything of the best, only, I think, in certain limitations of space or taste; for example, in a war, or if "by chance or nature's changing course untrimmed" we have limited our liking to the felicities we knew when young. However, there are certain anthologies we keep under a guarantee that they will produce pleasure whenever they are opened. Such are *Come Hither*, *Texts and Pretexts* and *The Minor Pleasures of Life*. The qualities they have in common are as clear as the sunny side of an apple. Each is so absolutely impressed with its compiler's personality that it could not conceivably have been made by any other author; each contains a great many pieces that the common reader is not at all likely to find for himself (that is why they have been ruthlessly pillaged by later anthologists); and each is in some sense critical: Mr. de la Mare in notes which carry ordinary minds to work as a poet's mind, Mr. Aldous Huxley in aphorisms that have become commonplaces of later criticism (*e.g.*, the comparison of George Herbert's poetry to English weather) and Miss Rose Macaulay in a criticism of life through the wit of her titles and juxtaposition.

A Year of Grace, now a Penguin, has already won the affection of those who possess the more expensive edition. It is difficult to imagine a more impressive anthology within the pattern of this "mood about God and man." Briefly, it is a mood that embraces a Judaeo-Christian conception of God, and chooses for its progress the most penetrating and the most moving things that have been said by the seers and thinkers of the world's religions. There is no place in it for the contemporary Manichaeism of Jung and others who find in the psyche if not in the heavens a jealous; angry God; since in the consistent tradition of the mystics God is experienced as having no emanation but love, and evil no reality but as negation—nevertheless a negation real enough to entail the Fall, redemption and forgiveness. "To the Greeks," of course, "foolishness." But for readers who have observed that in the country of their experience God is the only mountain that exists, Mr. Gollancz has made a faithful and beautifully ordered record of reconnaissance. He has burked none of the paradoxes—those cliffs of ice that look as totally inviable as the south face of Kanchenjunga. Perhaps the most nearly intolerable is the command to be perfect given to natures "born under one law, to another bound." Here, and I think here only, Mr. Gollancz offers his own comment, which deserves, like so much else in the book, the oddly unfashionable praise of "helpful."

Mr. Louis MacNeice's lines on the Greeks,

They plotted out their life with truism and humour
Between the jealous heaven and the callous sea

seem exactly true of Mrs. Dorothy Saunders, whose *pensées* on old age interspersed with an anthology (in the manner of *Texts and Pretexts*) are astonishingly in the Greek spirit. Noticing and disliking the fact that she was growing old she resolved to meet her predicament with wide-open intelligence and imagination, limited, though reluctantly, to the view of man as the measure of all things. She is a polished writer (surely not unpractised?) and her taste is personal and witty, for the dry rather than the sweet, the feline rather than the doggy. As being old is an increasingly common activity we should all do well to read about its moods and relationships as they are presented in *The Moon is Up* with such elegance and humour. A brevity:

> What will people say? What will *They* think of us? Well, we're rid of that bogey, for we simply don't care. We are free of the tyranny of gossip and the peeping face behind the window.

For most people reading Greek or Latin is like swimming under water: if it can be done at all, then slowly and for a short time. True, some schnorkel along with a dictionary, but O how oft shall he black waves and a leaky valve with a despairing gulp complain. Evidently most of us need the breathing apparatus of an edition interleaved with a translation; but the crib must be both close and elegant, else enjoyment snaps in exasperation. Chosen from the whole of Greek and Latin poetry and prose, *A Classical Anthology* manages to be grand in the big things of tragedy and history and personal in smaller pieces that carry us inside the skin of the ancient world. Messrs. Fabers' soberly beautiful format makes it evident once more that the only available Greek type which is clear and even, the Porsonian, has a lamentably weak appearance in contrast to an opposite page of English print. The translations are just what they should be.

The High Hill of the Muses is a large but not unwieldy collection of Hugh Kingsmill's favourite pieces of literature, 125 pages of Shakespeare, 25 from the Bible, the lyrics and selected passages from longer poems that anthologists have very properly agreed are admirable, and a good many things that reflect a more personal taste. A delightful present for Julian or for anyone who likes to have his prose and poetry in one book.

Mr. Arthur Stanley in a long life of reading has been extraordinarily clever in finding the most charming passages to excerpt for his anthologies. But his purpose of keeping our hearts high and fortifying our minds is too much like a pill. That is why, although we shall very much enjoy *The New Bedside Book* when we find it in U-speaking spare rooms and loos and in non-U guest-rooms, it will be banned from the bedrooms of the literati. Call it elegant or name it high-class, it remains, ineluctably, reading matter.

ANDREW WORDSWORTH

Books on birds published during the autumn include the second volume of the massive *Birds of Eastern and North-Eastern Africa* by C. W. Mackworth-Praed and C. H. B. Grant (Longmans, 45s.); Seton Gordon's monograph on *The Golden Eagle*, the result of a lifetime's observation in the Highlands (Collins, 16s.); A. M. C. Nicholl's *Fifty Years of Birdwatching* (Murray, 12s. 6d.), and a new and revised edition of W. B. Alexander's handbook for voyagers, *Birds of the Ocean* (Putnam, 21s.).

The Endless Worm

The Return of the King. By J. R. R. TOLKIEN. *Allen & Unwin.* 21*s.*

The first two volumes of the trilogy, which now comes to an end with *The Return of the King*, have already been reviewed in the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION: one by Naomi Mitchison and the other by Maurice Richardson. Mrs. Mitchison liked the book: "if you are deeply interested in motive, some of which may be of the kind that leads to heroic action with no holds, normal or magic, barred, then this is the book for you. . . . Above all, it is a story magnificently told, with every kind of colour and movement and greatness." Mr. Richardson did not like the book: "My first impression is that it is all too long and blown up. What began as a charming children's book has proliferated into an endless worm. My second that, although a great deal of imagination has been at work, it is imagination of low potential."

The beauty of a signed review is that one can always read between its lines. If Mrs. Mitchison, author of such books as *The Corn King* and *The Bull Calves*, goes on to praise the trilogy for its "symbolic and sometimes historic truth," then one can assume she knows what she is talking about. For the same reason, however, one cannot think that Mr. Richardson—whose horrifying stories of Engelbrecht, the dwarf surrealist boxer, I well remember—is being merely perverse when he criticises Professor Tolkien for his weak imagination. But perhaps they are talking of different things; and Mr. Richardson's interest in the surrealist may let one see why he is so critical. Surrealism is the soul without a centre, making a surprising world out of unrelated fragments; a world quite different from that of mythology, mythology being the consistent account which the soul gives of its adventures in the other world. It is, moreover, a world which children can apprehend without difficulty—the supernatural may be odd, but it is not absurd—so that when what is really a mythological story is criticised for being childish, I, for one, immediately suspect Mr. Richardson of having missed the point.

On the other hand, what he says about Professor Tolkien's imagination seems to me to be, paradoxically, correct. Professor Tolkien has invented a stupendous mythology—or, perhaps, one should say that a stupendous mythology has come into being through Professor Tolkien—but it has been recorded in a flat, rather Pre-Raphaelite style with lots of *thee's, thou's, behold's!* and descriptions that are intended to be grave and poetical but too often are just slightly pretentious. This, presumably, is the result of too great a familiarity with epic saga, which seems to have a curiously stultifying effect on its translators; for though Professor Tolkien's trilogy is not a translation by any means, its general outline is based on saga and he has not escaped the baleful influence of archaic mannerisms and redundancies in his attempt to create atmosphere.

Nor has he been entirely successful with those Peter Rabbit creations of his, the Hobbits. They are *petit bourgeois* to a degree: loving a good guzzle, a good gossip, a good sleep, living in burrows and, God forgive them, speaking of their "eleventy-first" birthdays. However, once the four heroic Hobbits have left the Shire and are on their way to Mount Doom in Mordor, where Frodo, their leader, must unmake the One Ring, ruler of all the Rings of Power, by throwing it into the abyss where it was forged, such minor irritations are forgotten. One then enters into the highly exciting and often uncomfortable world of the numinous, in which the various characters are tested in the most uncompromising fashion. None of these characters, however, are observed personalities in the novelist's sense; but then, in a story which deals with the numinous, "personality," to be effective, has a quite different part to play. When magic flies about and things are larger than life, it is no use behaving in a commonplace manner: one has to be larger than

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life oneself, and cards of identity are no help at all. Professor Tolkien may not be poetical, certainly not as Housman would have understood the word, yet shudders run down the back on reading him, and the hair lifts on one's head. This is because he deals with genuinely mythological situations, in which the Goddess—White and Black by turns—has plainly inspired him.

Mr. Richardson must also have been inspired by the Goddess when he remarked that the book was an endless worm. Professor Tolkien has, indeed, used all his ingenuity in inventing the various languages of elfs, orcs, hobbits and dwarfs, together with their histories and family trees which, in this last volume, form an appendix of a hundred pages; and perhaps one has to be a "very leisured boy" to appreciate them, or, of course, to invent them. The action of the history, however, has nothing in common with such mechanical inventions: it has not been contrived, it has arisen, like all true mythology. Small wonder, then, that the story is like a worm, throwing its coils about the reader; for is it not Frodo's blessed and unhappy fate to let himself be swallowed by the dragon of evil, the Dark Power, so that he may conquer it? He walks into its mouth, bearing the Ring that can make its wearer invisible, and also compel the dragon to his will: for the ring is the image of the dragon itself, endless because its tail is in its mouth (as a smattering of mythology will tell one); and the ring must be destroyed and not used for fear that Man will turn into a dragon, instead of the dragon turning into man. Frodo succumbs to the temptation of using the Ring, but is miraculously foiled in his purposes; and when the Ring is at last destroyed so is the Dark Power itself, together with the Nâzgul, the orcs, trolls, Black Riders, and the rest of them.

So Professor Tolkien's inventions are put to good use, for one cannot but make a very good report of the worm. He may not be a Malory, or a Spenser, and more's the pity; still, this does not make his story any the less exciting. Having read the first two volumes of his trilogy I am thankful to be at last put out of my suspense, and see Frodo brought happily to the end of his harrowing but necessary career; thankful, if a little sad. The dragon, I think, was really quite fond of him.

FRANCIS HUXLEY

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BATSFORD

The Double Thread

No Passing Glory. By ANDREW BOYLE. *Collins.* 16s.

Group Captain Cheshire, V.C., D.S.O. (three bars), D.F.C., is one of the most puzzling as well as the most publicised figures of our day. It is somewhat startling that two biographies of a living man only just turned thirty-eight should have been published within a year. It is even more startling that, in the case of *No Passing Glory* (a distasteful title in the circumstances), it was the subject himself who demanded that his "full and authentice" life should be written, and invited a close friend to write it. Not having read Russell Braddon's *Cheshire V.C.*, I cannot compare the two biographies, but can only congratulate Andrew Boyle on having organised a mass of material about this paradoxical man into an extraordinarily interesting narrative. In particular, he deserves praise for making the long sequence devoted to Cheshire's development of the technique of pin-point bombing as exciting to the lay reader as any thriller.

Flattered at first, Andrew Boyle soon realised the appalling difficulties of presenting his indomitable, but far from modest, hero dispassionately. As he says, "One's knowledge of the subject is an embarrassing encumbrance. . . . There is an element almost of treachery in striving both to be truthful and clinically objective and to strike a fair balance at the end." Obviously the balance cannot yet be struck but the biographer has diligently piled both scales with factual weights while making it clear that it is the imponderable that will finally tip the beam.

Before I read this book, I was aware only of the "Cheshire Legend" of the brilliant, fearless pilot who, after witnessing the bombing of Nagasaki, experienced a conversion as sudden as St. Paul's, became a Catholic and subsequently devoted his energies to missionary activities and to caring for the chronic sick. *No Passing Glory* disposes of the oversimplified myth and presents a more complex, more interesting and, frankly, considerably less attractive Cheshire than the legendary figure. From the frontispiece an alert, arrogant, violently divided face stares out into space with one wild, visionary eye and one cool, detached one; it has the long upper lip that often denotes sarcastic humour but the full, yet tight mouth wears something more like a pout than a smile. It is a face that insists you should scrutinise it but remains, one feels deliberately, inscrutable.

This dichotomy, this mixture of secretiveness and exhibitionism, of humour and fanaticism, seems to be the main feature of Cheshire's baffling character. On almost every page of this book one is constantly switched from admiration to repulsion. At times he seems merely a cold, self-conscious egoist, incredibly conceited, ruthless in getting his own way (whether by "turning on the charm" or by sheer bulldozing) and almost pathologically intent on the limelight. Yet, even at his most exasperating, one is always aware of the "other" Cheshire, the man who inspired immense personal affection and trust, who was worshipped not only by his air-crews but by the ground-staff and who was so intensely conscious of the credit due to others that he was genuinely half-ashamed of the "gongs" he collected; above all, of the man who was always the firm ally of the under-dog and who has sacrificed much, including his own health, in caring for the lonely and unwanted.

Cheshire's dazzling career in the R.A.F. shows him as a professional perfectionist, endowed with almost superhuman patience in mastering detail, as well as a pilot who could be recklessly unorthodox. Along with the hard-headed cool calculator who could assess every risk to a hairsbreadth goes an almost crack-brained amateur and a wildly optimistic gambler. The double thread is always there: austerity and love of display; frenzied action in the public eye and solitary introspection; delicate, uncondescending sympathy and crude unawareness of other people's feelings; selfless devotion and something uncomfortably like deliberate exploitation. Only one quality never changes—the phenomenally strong will. It must surely be the ultimate direction of that will that decides Cheshire's real significance.

In spite of the rash title of this necessarily incomplete biography and of his belief in Cheshire's religious sincerity, Andrew Boyle is too sensible to speak of his subject as if he were already a saint. Those who loosely do so are not only imprudent but misapprehend the nature of sanctity. Yet the discrepant, even repulsive features of Cheshire's character by no means preclude the fact that he may well be a saint in the slow hard process of making. Cheshire's spiritual life is his own secret. All one dares guess is that its true manifestation lies neither in his devotion to the sick (of which he himself once said with devastating honesty "It's giving up yourself that counts and I never did that") nor in his dramatic sacrifices, but in his determination to submit that obstinate will to the will of God.

ANTONIA WHITE

Walter Mitty, Q.C.

Pageantry of the Law. By JAMES DERRIMAN. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 25s.

"I listen with little pleasure," Mr. Justice Byles once remarked "to the argument of counsel whose legs are encased in light grey trousers," and Mr. Justice Kekewich, though he later thought better of it, even considered sending Sir Edward Carson home to put on his knee breeches because he had appeared in that learned judge's court before he had "bowed himself in." These meticulous traditions of Bench and Bar, the real heart of Mr. Derriman's book, are older and more various than those of any regiment in the Army List, as jealously guarded and as scrupulously observed.

Nor are such foibles strange in the small homogeneous society of practising barristers (it does not exceed two thousand) from whom alone Her Majesty's Judges are appointed. A barrister is preoccupied daily with problems peculiar to his own time, hire purchase, embezzlement, divorce or fraud, yet his professional life is based on the green lawns and secluded courts of the Temple or the leafy tranquillity of Lincoln's Inn, where the past thrusts gentle insistent fingers into the present and the latest volume of the Law Reports rubs shoulders with Coke upon Littleton. It is a world of agreeable vistas and dignified bustle by day, and at night, as the chamber lights are extinguished one by one, a limbo of rustling leaves, fat cats, old lawyers and dotty hermits. To grow old in such an ambience without developing some sense of pietas would be difficult even for the insensitive. But Bench and Bar alone would not make the law what Mr. Derriman calls a pageant. The truth is that we are a nation of romantics to whom the pomp, ceremony, rhetoric and latent drama of legal process makes an irresistible appeal. It is amusing to observe how quickly the dispassionate and civilised air of a court infect even the most belligerent witness and the most cynical spectator. Within half an hour they are all bowing to the judge and behaving generally rather better than they would in church.

There are, alas, signs that romanticism is going sour on us. This is a great pity. No happiness springs from treason to one's temperament, for as Mark Twain pointed out, the danger of parting with illusions is that when they are gone you may still exist but you have ceased to live. It will be a sad day if ever the big wigs and tye wigs, stuff gowns and silk, toasts and graces, rosebowls and loving cups, Assize Sermons and Red Masses,

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CONTRIBUTORS

His Honour J. TUDOR REES on *Homosexuality and the Law.*

The Viscount HAILSHAM, Q.C., on *Homosexuality and Society.*

The Reverend D. S. BAILEY on *Homosexuality and Christian Morals.*

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THE CRESSET PRESS

Sheriffs, trumpeters and Javelin men so lovingly described by Mr. Derriman fall into desuetude. We shall be left to dream of the Temple of the '90s, Judges like ancient prophets, Hamilton and Scrutton contending in the Commercial Court, Stanley Weyman hope finally deferred on the Oxford circuit, closing his fee book (£130 p.a. alas!) and starting *The Red Cockade* and Anthony Hope Hawkins strolling back to the Temple on a November afternoon after winning a case in the Westminster County Courts with the *Prisoner of Zenda* unfolding in his mind. Meantime Mr. Derriman has provided enough fantasy to fill Walter Mitty Q.C.'s red bag when next he rides the circuit to the Barsetshire Assizes.

W. H. HUGHES

Two Voices Are There

A Study of Wordsworth. By J. C. SMITH. *Oliver & Boyd.* 5*s.*

Wordsworth: Poetry and Prose. Ed. W. M. MERCHANT. *Reynard Library: Hart-Davis.* 27*s.* 6*d.*

Wordsworth: Poems. Ed. PHILIP WAYNE. *Everyman's Library: Dent.* 3 Vols. 7*s.* each.

"Mr. Wordsworth"—so Mrs. Wordsworth told Keats who was trying to get a word in edgeways—"is never interrupted." And he continues to hold the floor in a way that would have astonished nearly everyone of his own generation, except of course himself. The last thirty years have seen a five-volume variorum edition of his poems, six volumes of letters published at Oxford and two more at Cornell, an edition of Henry Crabb Robinson's correspondence with the Wordsworths, a text of *The Prelude* with the 1805 version facing the authorised version of 1850 (since when two fat books have been devoted entirely to *The Prelude*); and there has been an unceasing flood of criticism of every colour—devotional, analytical, exegetical.

Mr. Smith's book, which first appeared in 1944, seems to me to rank very high among short general accounts of Wordsworth because of its sanity of judgment and its quiet-voiced originality. It is also much more comprehensive than one would expect; room is somehow found inside a hundred pages for chapters on Wordsworth's politics and his religion, and there is a discussion of his theory of poetry. Annette is there, too, but without taking up as much space as she does in most books written since Harper first gave the world news of her forty years ago. ("I always thought Wordsworth was a goody-goody," a Professor of Chinese once confided to me after dinner: "And then I heard about France.")

One way to give an impression of the whole man is to write a book like Mr. Smith's. Another way—and so far as I know the latest Reynard Library volume is the first attempt of this kind—is to allow the picture to emerge from a selection made out of the whole body of Wordsworth's writings, prose and poetry, formal and informal. Certainly it is an attempt worth making, if only because of the great bulk of his work and its uneven quality. This is no less true of his prose than of his poetry, and Mr. Merchant's prose selections are made with tact and scholarly care: his is the first version of the early and republican *Letter to the Bishop of Llandaff* which isn't riddled with mistakes. With Wordsworth's letters generally, Mr. Merchant goes for the set pieces like the letter to a friend of Burns and the very distinguished letter to Charles James Fox. He could hardly do anything else, but I should have liked examples of Wordsworth's grumbling tone—about the discomforts of London, or the manners of foreigners, or postage rates, or his false teeth—and of that touching blend of stiffness and vulnerability with which he used to face misfortune. The critical prose is well represented; it is a convenience to have the 1815 Preface and Supplementary Essay alongside the *Lyrical Ballads* Preface. And the choice of political and descriptive writing is always dexterous.

In his selections from the later poetry Mr. Merchant is much more generous and discriminating than any of his predecessors; the only pity is he hasn't found more room for Wordsworth's experiments with the regular and the Pindaric ode—at the expense, if necessary, of mild eventide blank verse like *Musings Near Aquapendente*, which takes ten valuable pages. A more general complaint is that he has now and again relaxed his attention to textual details. Sometimes he ignores Wordsworth's double-spacing, and sometimes he introduces double-spacing of his own. Once or twice he copies a bad misprint from his original and leaves it in his own text without comment (line 47 of *An Evening Walk*, for example). And there is an interesting correction to the *Immortality Ode*, which he ignores. It is now known that Wordsworth directed the printer to divide the line "But he beholds the light, and whence it flows" after "But he," thus providing a rhyme for "infancy" which has remained unrhymed in every published version of the poem between 1807 and 1947, when the variorum edition for the first time observed Wordsworth's division.

The new Everyman edition takes note of this and of other points established since the earlier Everyman of nearly fifty years ago; and the result is a useful and well-ordered text which abandons Wordsworth's psychological classification (Poems of the Fancy, Poems of the Imagination, and so on) for a more workable system based on date of publication with date of composition also supplied where it is known. On one issue there is danger of misunderstanding. The publishers describe the three volumes as "a complete working edition of Wordsworth's poetry," and Mr. Wayne (who recently published an excellent selection of Wordsworth's letters in the Oxford World's Classics) says in his editorial introduction that all the poetry is included except the drama, *The Borderers*, and translations of versions of other poets. But, in fact, there are a number of juvenile poems printed by de Selincourt in the first volume of his edition which do not appear here at all. These poems are nearly all bad, but they have great historical and technical interest, and they can't be left out in any study of Wordsworth's early work.

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Confessions of Felix Krull, Confidence Man. By THOMAS MANN. *Secker & Warburg.* 18*s.*

The Story-teller. By GIL BUHET. *Cape.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

The Primrose Path. By PETER FORSTER. *Longmans.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The first thirty-seven pages of *Felix Krull* were written in 1911. Mann then put the fragment aside in favour of *Death In Venice* and did not return to it for forty years, when he wrote four hundred pages more covering his hero's boyhood and early youth. It is a most singular production for an octogenarian: a typically sensual, comical, picturesque biographical romance, with vivid appreciations of all the pleasures and luxuries of civilisation and much passionate love-making. The banner of humanist hedoism waves in a soft spring wind; death is kept in his place. Mann's own death, so soon after completing the first part, was like one of his plots.

Felix is the son of a Rhenish wine manufacturer who goes bankrupt and commits suicide (the period in the 1890s). He dodges his military service by feigning epilepsy with such skill that he alarms himself. After a brief episode as the lover of a tough young Hungarian prostitute—Mann fairly lets himself go in depicting the feline joys of the ponce's life, a metier which you may think that he, together with George Moore and de Maupassant, is inclined to romanticise—he becomes, symbolically, a lift-boy in a luxurious Paris hotel, and then a waiter. Both his physical attractions and his peculiar nervous constitution which makes him so ardent a lover are admirably conveyed; the correct masculine-feminine balance is struck.

Indeed, at one time he simultaneously breaks the hearts of Miss Eleanor Twentyman, a young Birmingham heiress, and Lord Nectan Strathbogie, a middle-aged Scottish peer. ("There have been cases of adoption. You might wake up one day as Lord Strathbogie and heir to my possessions.") Then a young Marquis de Venosta, who wishes to stay in Paris for a love-affair, asks Felix to impersonate him on his travels, thus enabling him to fulfil a favourite day-dream. In Lisbon, as Venosta, he makes friends with a zoologist, Prof. Kuckkuck, Curator of a Museum, which allows Mann to give us several agreeable pages of biological philosophising on the theme of evolution. He makes love to the Professor's daughter, an enchantingly spirited girl, and to her mother, on whose "queenly bosom" we leave him.

Felix's later adventures, according to the original opening chapter in which he introduced himself to us surveying his life from cosy retirement, included a long spell in jail. Mann obviously enjoyed himself hugely—perhaps more than was good for him—in identifying himself with Krull and in writing about him. There are passages when you can feel him hugging himself, like the author of a first novel. There are passages, too, of splendid vitality, and some of the characterisation, especially the fiery little Portuguese girl—most un-Portuguese, by the way—reminds you of his great creative period when he produced, in his masterpiece *The Magic Mountain*, a whole gallery of unforgettables. Altogether, *Felix Krull* makes a delightful and satisfying swan-song.

M. Buhet's second novel is an interesting little tragi-comic piece, which leaves you mildly bewildered but not too resentful. The setting is French publishing in Lyons in 1945. *The Story-teller* is told by a young writer, Gilbert du Plessis, who works for an awful but rather engag-

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REINHARDT

ing old rogue, Fridolin Pouille, who swindles everybody: authors, paper-merchants, priests, even his fellow black-marketeers. Gilbert becomes fascinated by Marjolaine, author of an MS. about a curious triangular situation during the recent Occupation between herself, her husband—a Vichy police commissaire, but a patriot—and her former husband, believed shot by the Germans but in fact very much alive. This is told as a story within a story; it is left unfinished; but later events show that nobody was what they seemed. The tragic heroine, Marjolaine, ends up in the arms of the naughty old Barabbas, editing an anthology of poems of the soil. Some stinging satire on the behaviour of certain types of French people during the Occupation is clearly intended, but it is rather difficult to know precisely which types are the targets. A note at the beginning suggests that M. Buhet was conscious of some special difficulties when drawing from the model.

One complaint about many contemporary novels is that they might have been written at any time during the last thirty-five years. You cannot say this of *The Primrose Path*. Mr. Forster has made a most strenuous attempt to catch the atmosphere and sociology of the 1950s. His hero, Edward, is one of those young men whom you see in the newly smartened-up pubs of Belgravia. He wears a bowler-hat during the week and a duffle coat at week-ends, has a claw-cut girl friend in tight trousers. Mr. Forster drives his specimen rapidly downhill, from a secure post in the City into the half-world of public relations. Then, not knowing how to finish Edward off, he gives his end a hopelessly unconvincing thrillerish twist and puts the poor oaf to work for a Communist spy, a fate from which I should have thought his publishers might have saved him. But for a first novel plenty of promise is shown, particularly in the characterisation of Edward's ghastly aspiring actress, Jo, a veritable gorgon of a girl who haunts me still.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

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Village School. By "MISS READ." *Michael Joseph.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Roaring Boys. By EDWARD BLISHEN. *Thames & Hudson.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Here are two very good books, with more in common than might at first appear. Both are extremely readable, whether by teachers in search of "what oft was thought but ne'er so well expressed," or by those outside state education who are curious to know how others live. *Village School*, slightly pruned, might be a minor literary masterpiece; *Roaring Boys* is a piece of imaginative reporting. The former is a little too idyllic, the latter a little too frightful, to be quite typical. Neither pretends to be a contribution to educational theory, yet a reader concerned with the quality of education cannot help regarding them as in some degree case-books.

"Miss Read" is schoolmistress over a score of infants and as many juniors in a Berkshire "Cranford." Hers is a church school, and the religious supervision is wise and kindly. She has one assistant. There is electricity in the village and no running water—in consequence, no proper sanitation. Children of all ages from 5 to 11 are taught in two rooms. The teaching appears to be formal and conventional; "activity methods" have not reached "Cranford."

But it is a good school; and it is doomed. It is good because it is happy; it is integrated into the seasonal life of an agricultural community. The children are treated as individuals. It is, however, uneconomic: a ratio of two teachers to 40 children is relatively high in State primary schools. "Cranford" is remote, and when a vacancy is advertised for a new infant teacher, there is only one suitable applicant. Already a neighbouring school with one teacher and 15 children is to be closed down. The pupils will be uprooted from their community and transported to another for their schooling. The village will lose its schoolmistress. I don't know what the answer to the administrative problem is, but I don't think it is centralisation. We are an overcrowded and over-taxed nation; schooling is very costly—but we can still afford, for instance, the appalling waste of hoarding advertising.

Mr. Edward ("Competition") Blishen is an "emergency trained" secondary modern schoolmaster who learned his trade in a series of schools which he labels collectively Stonehill Street. His book is outrageously funny, and many of the episodes recounted—the visit to Paris, for instance—will be read and re-read for sheer amusement. Satirical Mr. Blishen is, but his humanity never fails, and he is always "on the side of" the boys. My only complaint is that he overwrites at times: there are too many apt epithets and dazzling similes. But his zest, humour and observation are unflagging.

It would be a mistake to regard this book as a serious criticism of state education, though the publishers half-invite us to do so. One reviewer has used it as a retrospective stick to beat the emergency training scheme with: sheer nonsense, for the thirteen months of an emergency course contained nearly as much actual training as the normal two-year course; and even a third year will not protect the beginner against the indiscipline of a boys' secondary school in the slums. In Mr. Blishen's case, the classes were large, the principal an ex-elementary headmaster on the brink of retirement; and above all, Mr. Blishen's first class was one suddenly forced to stay on another year because of the raising of the leaving age, when they wanted to be out earning a living as men. They were resentful, and their parents abetted them. No wonder there were problems! *Roaring Boys* is best read as a human document of extraordinary interest and liveliness.

Nevertheless, the problem of Stonehill Street is important. It is insoluble so long as the present set-up lasts—that is, it seems, indefinitely. For the tragedy of State education is that it is a cockpit for every conflicting interest. The 1944 Act was the result of a compromise between the churches, the public schools and the N.U.T. at the expense of the grammar schools, whose representatives were too blind and too divided to know what was happening. The new secondary education is a battlefield for educationists and politicians. Go-ahead local authorities are hamstrung by a Treasury-intimidated Ministry, and progressive moves by the central authority are nullified by cheese-paring local councils. While some buildings are, in the circumstances, extravagant, others are still in use which should have been scrapped years ago. Too many bosses, too many fingers in the pie; too little imagination, good-will, and general concern about the whole deplorable tangle. What is needed, for a start, is an absolutely independent commission with power to ask anything, publish anything, and spare no one.

Meanwhile, these two contributions from opposite poles of the insane set-up give authentic pictures of how parts of it work—or don't work.

JAMES REEVES

Name Jumping

Charley's Aunt's Father. By JEVAN BRANDON THOMAS. *Saunders and MacGibbon & Kee.* 18*s.*

Oggie: The Memoirs of Olga Lynn. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 16*s.*

Sand in My Mink. By YOLANDE DONLAN. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Actors, actresses, singers, conductors seem to lead lives which they themselves have, somehow, charmed. They are always eating and drinking well; the females have mink coats, the males eyeglasses or secretaries; they have the street plan of Monte Carlo by heart; they can easily, happily, owe the Income Tax Inspector some £45,000 without anyone bothering. And the favoured among them—rather a lot are favoured compared with authors, painters and composers—become K's or Dames. They are garrulous, self-centred, untidy, and don't know what they are acting or singing about any more than the horn understands the Mozart that is being puffed through it.

Yet they are always buying antiques and owning market gardens and knowing people. Above all, the *people* they know! There are 152 pages of text in Miss Lynn's memoirs: and in the index some 390 names of people, and one name of a thing (*Miracle, The*). Miss Yolande Donlan's book about her adventures, which was, incidentally, the very first book to be given a review on the I.T.A. (and fifteen minutes solus, at that) has no index but it has thirty-nine photographs—in all but nine of which Miss Y.D. is featured.

So after all it might have been something of a relief to turn to the biography of Brandon Thomas, the man who wrote *Charley's Aunt*. But he was an actor, too—more names: from Henry Ainley to Whistler. Apart from writing the most popular farce ever staged he was obviously a good actor and a charming man. He was friends with Sickert, Pinero, George Moore, Max Beerbohm; and the love story of his marriage, well told by his son and with notes and letters from Mrs. Brandon herself, is delightful.

Brandon Thomas met Irving where the actor lodged in his parents' poor house in Lancashire; and Kendal at a time where he was making up his small salary in an office by after-dinner recitations. Kendal, a year or two later, gave him his first acting job. But he was a writer all the time he was an actor. He wrote an immensely popular minstrel song for Eugene Stratton; and other plays besides *Charley's Aunt*. The tragedy of this play was that with all his faith in it he could not raise the £1,000 he needed to back it himself and so lost a considerable fortune.

Olga Lynn has been a singer or a teacher of singing all her life. She was a pupil of Jean de Rezske and has herself taught almost everybody, including Gertrude Lawrence. *Oggie* is written with a sort of hectic dottiness.

My mother . . . met her future husband at a county ball—she was dressed in white muslin,

with a blue sash round her waist. She had always declared how much she hated foreigners, but when she met this Mr. Siegmund Loewenthal, she fell in love at first sight. (In fact my father was already naturalised.)

But it is all very endearing, and nice to read all about *The Miracle* again (as shouldn't Mr. Sandy Wilson?) and jump from Name to Name.

Miss Donlan starts off just like the girl in *Born Yesterday* with what looks as if it is going to be some real racy stuff. The scene, a concrete flat in New York so bare and streamlined that you could clean it out by turning a hose on it. "It was here," says she, "that I found out about the most important item in a lady's travel wardrobe—a mink coat."

Chapter I is All-American and excellent. But once the mink arrives in Europe it turns into one of those safe furs you meet in advertisements in *Country Life*. All Miss Donlan's adventures with Amalfi and Capri and Pompeii ("he nodded and took us straight to the Brothel ruins") are so much dull padding to an occasional good line of dialogue. Incidentally, there is a miscount above: Miss Donlan also appears six times on the dust jacket.

BERNARD GUTTERIDGE

Rus In Urbe

The Suburban Child. By JAMES KENWARD. *Cambridge.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The process of whitewashing continues apace, and it is rather remarkable that Suburbia has had to wait its turn so long. Perhaps the contractors were appalled at the magnitude of the task, and preferred to expend the materials available elsewhere. Even Mr. Kenward—as able and as enthusiastic an apologist as any commuter could hope for—reveals in this delightful book a few well-founded misgivings. He applies his brush with delicacy and skill, but the liquid is just a little too thin to fill up all the cracks. His work has, however, been given substance and durability by his descriptions of a suburban childhood.

He starts with a definition of the territory:

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Smugness and self-complacency, a narrow and illiberal outlook, too gross a respect for the purely material satisfactions, with little or no interest in the arts, is confined to no describable geographical region; and is, therefore, as likely to prevail in Suburbia as anywhere else. But if Mr. Kenward is too honest an historian altogether to avoid discussion on this aspect of suburban life, it does become a little submerged, or rather sublimated, as he recaptures the days that have passed. For this book is something more than an apology for Suburbia. It is an evocative, most sensitively written, recollection of early childhood which the middle-aged reader especially will find curiously like his own, wherever that may have been passed. Childhood, too, is another district that needs no geographical description.

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EVERY THURSDAY 4d.

An Autumn Round-up

Books have fallen from the publishers into our office this autumn as fast as leaves; and, in an effort to keep our readers up to date, we have asked some of our reviewers to write brief notes on books which have interested them, but which we are unable to notice separately.

Explorers

While out-of-the-way lives are not necessarily the most interesting, we should probably have been less stimulated by Dr. Joseph Moody, author of *Arctic Doctor* (Odhams, 15s.), if he had stayed in Ottawa. He chose for his first practice an area of some 600,000 square miles in the East Arctic, and his patients, Eskimos and a few Whites, numbered a scattered 2,000. Bold enterprise; and to make it bolder, he took with him his wife and small daughter. Everything—the temperature below zero, the ten-months' winters, the pleasures and pains of isolation—were new to him as to us. He got round by plane when he could; but many cases had to be treated by radio, and the injections and minor amputations carried out in this way were almost more gruelling for him than for the patient. The Eskimos suffered a first dreadful outbreak of polio: his account of this once-happy and hard-pressed people makes strange and sometimes pitiable reading. He had many adventures, among which the most fantastic was a walrus hunt.

Mr. Robert Scott is an orthodox hunter. In *Between the Elephant's Eyes* (Longmans, 16s.), he scouts by plane, scours by jeep, rarely shoots, never misses, relishes the beauty and fun of animals, but can't help thinking of his trophies. At last he tracks down his huge bull elephant—and then lets him go. There's something a bit staged about this; but although one may not much take to Mr. Scott, he does sometimes give one the feel of his jungle. Hunting of another sort, of the convoys by the U-boat, is the theme of *The Golden Horseshoe*, by Terence Robertson (Evans, 12s. 6d.). Otto Kretchmer was the leading U-boat ace, who boldly used his submarine in attack as a surface vessel. His exploits make fascinating if painful reading. He was captured in the end, and nearly brought off a startling escape in Canada. *Don't Call Me Madam* (W. H. Allen, 16s.) is Miss Ethel Merman's "autiobiography in neon." It is one big, exhausting party, from which one gathers that Miss Merman has never felt abashed. She has her own way of singing so that you can both hear the words and receive their full impact; she loves show talk, creamed tripe, and her third husband. The photographs have a savage gaiety that makes the Arctic cold or the submarine attack by night seem friendly.

G. W. S.

Men and Laws

Two books that will be almost prescribed reading for all sociologists—to use that word in a sense that draws together a host of separate *isms*—are *Social Group Work in Great Britain*, edited by Peter Kuenstler (Faber, 12s. 6d.), and *Group Problems in Crime and Punishment*, by Hermann Mannheim (Routledge, 28s.). Both are concerned with the social consequences of the gregarious instinct, as compared with "case-work" among individuals; one is a symposium of distinguished essays by well-known "group workers," and the other a collection of Dr. Mannheim's lectures and papers of the past twenty years. A more empirical examination of the way in which communities of men think and behave is Dr. T. T Paterson's *Morale in War and Work* (Parrish, 18s.). This began at a R.A.F. fighter station in 1941, where an inexplicably high accident rate led to a special kind of research that is now illuminating the close connection between strikes, wage-fixing, and collective bargaining in industry. Dr. Paterson blends charm and wisdom in a vivacious account of the most modern developments in the "art or science of handling men." The frigid science of depersonalising men can be studied in Otto Larsen's terrifying *Nightmare of the Innocents* (Melrose, 15s.), the plainly told story of a Norwegian fisherman's ten years in Soviet slave camps. In the words of its anonymous English translators (whose work ought to be gratefully acknowledged by the publishers) its importance lies "not in Larsen's suffering and the wicked imprisonment he endured: what is important lies between his lines. That unwritten message, compounded of Fear and Inhumanity, is what we must study and understand if we are ever to enter into full and satisfying relations with the Soviet Union." Here, at least, it can be uneasily studied.

There is no way of resisting *Fred Bason's Third Diary* (Deutsch, 10s. 6d.). "Her favourite author," he says of his landlady, "is me, and next to me it's Somerset Maugham." He goes on doing what that distinguished runner-up once told him to do: "Talk it out loud, and *then* write it down." Meanwhile English Universities Press goes on making it easier, with the Teach Yourself Books (6s.), to talk out loud to some purpose. If *Teach Yourself Law* amounts to an injunction rather than an invitation, that is not the fault of Mr. J. Leigh Mellor, who so cleverly contrives to pack so indigestible a mass of information into his 226 small pages. It is the fragmentation of Mr. Mellor's subject that produces books like *Mens Rea in Statutory Offences*, by J. Ll. J. Edwards (Macmillan, 21s.), the newest addition, both erudite and agreeably written, to the Cambridge Law Faculty's "English Studies in Criminal Science." This is almost a post-mortem on the principle, once unassailable in the criminal law, that no man may be punished for crime unless a guilty mind can be imputed to him. It will be a shocking book to many good Common Law practitioners, for which reason it is hereby mercilessly recommended as good for them.

C. H. R.

Poems and Poetic Drama

This year's P.E.N. anthology, *New Poems, 1955*, edited by Patric Dickinson, J. C. Hall, and Erica Marx (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.) is more balanced than last year's selection, which tended to be weighted against established reputations and in favour of new names. It is not yet, however, a properly representative anthology. The omissions (nothing by de la Mare, Graves, Read, any Sitwell, Raine, MacNeice, Spender, Betjeman, Plomer, Graham, Gascoyne, Barker, Durrell, Wain, Amis, Conquest) remain surprising; so do some of the inclusions. The slighter *Poetry from Cambridge, 1952-1954* (Fantasy Press, 5s.) has a clearer line; Thom Gunn emerges as still the best of the new Cambridge poets, but younger writers, like F. S. Grubb and Peter Redgrove, are consciously reacting against his "university wit" manner. Miss Erica Marx's *Some Poems* (Hand and Flower Press, 7s. 6d.) contain some ballad on newspaper themes—suicide and murder—which express with restraint and without sentimentality a deep pity for the disordered mind. As a whole, it is a quietly distinguished volume. Two interesting new volumes of translation are Mr. Vernon Watkins's version of Heine's *The North Sea* (Faber, 10s. 6d.) and Mr. Ben Belitt's version of Lorca's *The Poet in New York* (Grove Press, New York, $3.75). Mr. Watkins's style suits Heine's free lyrical line; Lorca's poem is one of the most difficult and least immediately successful of his works—he was absorbing both an alien scene and alien literary influences—but Mr. Belitt has provided a definitive text of the Spanish and a painstaking and readable translation.

Two new plays by poets deal with history. Dr. Joseph Chiari's *Mary Stuart* (Oxford, 7s. 6d.) lays its emphasis, an eloquent and dignified one, on Mary's loyalty to her faith and regal function, not on scandal about Darnley and Bothwell. Mr. Henry Treece's *Carnival King* (Faber, 12s. 6d.) is a prose play about Edward II. It is a lively melodrama, rather reminiscent of *Richard of Bordeaux*; but Christopher Marlowe need not yet look to his laurels.

G. S. F.

Pakistan

In an unusually objective study, *Birth of Pakistan* (General Printers and Publishers, Calcutta, 10 rupees), Dr. Sachin Sen describes how Pakistan came about "because in the task of amalgamation between Hindus and Muslims, the history of India did not release creative forces." The Muslim remained exclusive on religious grounds; "the Hindu remained exclusive in the shell of rituals." In the context of this relationship, Dr. Sen sees the partitioning of India on the Mountbatten plan as "a comment on British rule and on the character of Indian leadership." It was a historical process, but it was based on the negative thesis that Hindus and Muslims could not live together peacefully. *Crescent and Green* (Cassell, 10s.) is a miscellany of writings compiled to illustrate the positive qualities of Pakistan, the justification of a separate State. Professor Gordon Childe and Sir Mortimer Wheeler contribute chapters on archaeology, Professor Ahmed Bokhari discusses the strains and stresses of language and tradition which confuse the contemporary Urdu writer. But the most effective chapters are those on Muslim painting, with many reproductions which illustrate the beauty and the influence of Mogul art, not only in the past, but on the young painters of today.

D. W.

City Lights

Waiting—Rather Anxiously

THINGS are quiet in the City. Sober thoughts followed close behind the first burst of enthusiastic budget relief in stock markets, and the grave priests of the week-end press were almost unanimous in urging measured caution upon a cautious public. Markets can never be dull to the addict; this week, for example, there has been scope for fascination in the domestic affairs of Camp Bird, British Coated Board, and Ebonite. But the amateur is more interested in the broad sweep and the general movement. There is no general movement at present; stock markets are irregular.

They have reason to be. Mr. Butler's autumn budget, it is generally agreed, has very little relevance to the immediate future of the economy; it has made an uncertain prospect more uncertain than ever. City opinion is putting its two largest immediate question-marks against wage-claims and the credit squeeze. At present, it is almost impossible to predict the size of the new season's wage crop; the prophets cannot yet be sure how far the budget measures will aggravate the desire for higher wages among workers (and their wives), nor tell whether the T.U.C. can co-operate with the Chancellor in a policy of wage restraint and lowered prices. This we shall soon know, but restraint now seems most unlikely. The T.U.C. economic committee has already given Mr. Butler a dusty answer. Meanwhile, the possibility of a further all-round increase in wage demands has helped to prevent gilt-edged security prices receiving much benefit from the strength of sterling, the improvement in the monthly gold reserve figures, or even from Mr. Butler's remarkable come-back in the debate on Monday.

* * *

At the same time, however, the threat of a fresh twist to the inflationary corkscrew has not helped the prices of industrial equities. The squeeze on credit is to be maintained and its effects will become more and more apparent in the months immediately ahead; the tax-gathering season at the beginning of the year will give the authorities, if they want it, an ideal opportunity to intensify the pressure on bank liquidity ratios. Even at its present pressure the squeeze will produce a cumulative reduction in marginal business activity; at the same time, by forcing firms to sell their investments and driving them into the market for new money, it will tend to keep security yields strictly in line with the supply of investable funds.

Beyond these short-term uncertainties, market opinion is more and more concerned with prospects for next year. The ultimate implications for business prosperity of a sustained pressure on credit, together with a reduction in constructional activity and defence expenditure, and the redirection of the metal-using industries into export markets to which many of them have been unaccustomed for a generation, cannot be traced at all precisely. These implications are too closely involved with the skill with which other industrialised countries manage their disinflationary programmes, and the future of agricultural commodity prices. But they obviously need to be kept in mind.

* * *

Mr. Butler must have been somewhat taken aback by the first important company announcement to follow his Budget speech. British Petroleum is admittedly an exceptional company. More than half of its shares are owned by the British Government, for example, and two of its directors are Government-appointed. At the same time, the company's trading and financial position has been completely altered by the Abadan settlement, and a general penchant for vague but happy speculation about its future earning power made BP shares one of the most popular counters in the recent boom. Last year, the company—following the chairman's statement that it would now be possible to distribute a higher proportion of earnings—paid a dividend of 15 per cent. from earnings of nearly 30 per cent., and followed it with a 4-for-1 scrip issue. Arithmetic would have indicated an interim payment for this year scaled down from 5 to 1 per cent.; but in view of the much higher earnings expected in the future (commonly put at a minimum of 80 per cent. on the present capital) it was supposed that the 5 per cent. would be maintained on the larger number of shares. In fact, British Petroleum is paying not merely 5 per cent., but 5 per cent. *tax-free*, equivalent to 8.7 per cent. gross. Brokers and columnists, in spite of the chairman's reputation, are now talking about the possibility of a total dividend for the year of between 15 and 25 per cent. tax-free and wondering whether the adoption of the obsolescent tax-free dividend form is a pointer to a coming tax-free capital distribution. The shares, naturally, have soared.

British Petroleum, however, is something of a special case. Two other announcements from leading companies this week have fitted rather better the current market mood. Courtaulds have ruled out the possibility of a dividend increase this year, and have suggested that 1955 profits may be lower than those earned in 1954. The Rootes group has reported gross profits which are slightly down for the year (can the contrast with Standard reflect a difference in the markets of the two companies?) and a dividend merely maintained at 8 per cent. If there are many more announcements like this in the weeks ahead, it is very probable that stock market confidence will be severely shaken.

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Week-end Competition

No. 1,341

Set by Buzfuz

A contemporary's Christmas competition calls for a short story beginning "When it comes to human nature, there's nobody to beat Henshaw. He has the humanest nature I ever met . . ." and ending "'It's not exactly what I meant,' said Henshaw." Competitors are invited to devise suitable beginnings and endings to short stories called for in competitions set in one of the following—*News of the World*, NEW STATESMAN, *Daily Mirror*, *Daily Worker*, *Health and Efficiency*, and *Tatler*. Limit 50 words; entries by November 15.

Result of No. 1,338

Set by Matador

Several well-known playwrights—among them Salacrou and Anouilh—started their careers as advertising copywriters. Competitors are invited to imagine the result if *one* of the following were commissioned to write a "plug" in dramatic form for Commercial Television: Sophocles, Shakespeare, Congreve, Chekhov, Christopher Fry, T. S. Eliot, Tennessee Williams. Any product may be plugged; but beware of libel.

Report

Landslide for Shakespeare! More than half of a large entry had the bard hawking on the small screen, and apothecaries worked overtime. This surprised me; as did the inability of any competitor to make Chekhov or Tennessee Williams sell anything convincingly. The Eliots were effective in their solemn way; Annie Allen hit the note with: "I will show you whiteness in a handful of powder," and there was a vile plausibility in Norah Pattison's cartoon cats, clothed and dancing as they plugged "infallible Follicle-Rub." Among the Sophocleans D.A.J.S. struck gold with "μισθύσι δῆτ' ἄλουτον οἱ θεοὶ στόμα (The gods do hate indeed a mouth unclean)," and M. H. Crawford, a pupil of St. Paul's School, did vigorous and bloodthirsty work in the name of Gordon Moore's toothpaste.

In the products chosen there was a sad sameness—cosmetics, deodorants and detergents ("Tide" especially) dominated competitors' eyes and nostrils. Shakespearean ghosts suffering from sulphur-offence were repeatedly cured, and sleepless tragic heroes found repose in a variety of ways. A. W. Dicker's murderess neatly drugged her victim:

> With my own hands did I for him prepare
> Sweet Horlick's brew . . .

The bearded witches of *Macbeth* received a good deal of depilatory advice, and J. W. D. Gray's Fluellen was persuasive: "There is much difference between your old and plunt and rusty and dirty peard-scraper and the King's Philishave." I liked Bevis's pun on "that well-discovered country from whose Bourne no Hollingsworth returns," and Sylvia Masel effectively silenced her Fool with: "Nay, 'tis thou art behinde Ye tymes an thou knowest not that he who ryses betimes to read Ye Tymes is ever abreast of Ye times." I award three guineas to Christine Greenfield, a guinea each to G. W. Vaughan-Hughes, Leslie Johnson and R. J. P. Hewison. Runners-up: John Digby, Eileen M. Haggitt and A. M. Sayers.

SHAKESPEARE

Canvasser: Good sir, be not mispriz'd upon mine errand;
I would bespeak you as congenerous
With our fraternity. Mark well this schedule.
(*Shows him a Littlewoods football-pool coupon*)
Citizen: I do, sir.
Canvasser: Nay, your pardon; 'tis as yet
Unmark'd, but mark you, being mark'd aright,
With due engagement to despatch your stake
A sennight hence, 'twill fetch you argosies,

And that sans parle or quillet. Stay, good sir,
Set your charactery upon these dots,
And you shall prove my words veridical.

(*A week later*)

Citizen: One X doth tread upon another's heels,
And so my crosses make for me a crown.
Ten thousand ducats at a cost of one
This pool's no puddle; 'tis a springing well.
O worthy canvasser, I give thee thanks
For meting out that pregnant sheet of blanks.
As narrow streams to mighty rivers flow,
So forests vast from little woods can grow.

LESLIE JOHNSON

CONGREVE

(*Enter Drinkwell, clasping his head*)

Drinkwell: Ah, Bellamy, Bellamy, my skull splits, I am debauched to extinction! S'blood, I will persevere in this profession of rake no further. I would as soon be pledged to perpetual sobriety and clamped to a single ugly woman by the dull bolt of matrimony till death do us mercifully part, than follow so arduous and ungrateful a calling.

Bellamy: So that the world may denounce you for a withered fornicator and decayed sot? Come, drink this.

D. (*aside*)*:* It bubbles hugely.

B.: Come, drink, drink. 'Tis like an uncertain widow, you must take it as the spirit mounts.

D.: Oh Elixir! You have freed me from torment worse than Turk could devise! Name it, Bellamy, name it.

B.: Effosalt, sold for a groat at any apothecary's—
Thus Effosalt evicts remorse and grief—
'Tis the sot's solace and the rake's relief.

G. W. VAUGHAN-HUGHES

MR. ELIOT ADVERTISES A DEODORANT

Dusty: Some men don't and some men do—

Doris: Well, you know what, though you won't say who—

Dusty: One's all right, but one won't do.

Doris (*softly*)*:* Well, it can't be me, though it could be you.

Dusty: Sat next to him at a party, too.

Doris: He'd be quite all right with Peek-a-Boo.

Dusty: Oh, Mr. Pereira! Take a pew.
Sit right over there on the sofa, do.

Doris: Taking us out to a party, too.
Have you brought a bottle? Show us, do.

Dusty: He's brought a bottle—it's Peek-a-Boo!

Doris & Dusty: He can't mean me, so it must be you.

Pereira: If I give to one, I must give to two.

Dusty & Doris: Oh, Mr. Pereira! Take some, do.

All: It can't be us, so it must be *you*.
And you get one bottle for the price of two.

CHRISTINE GREENFIELD

EXCERPT FROM "THE WHITES ARE WHITE ENOUGH," BY CHRISTOPHER FRY

Husband: You recall to me lately
My sainted mother when I was little.
I refer to those eupeptic innocences,
Those twin doves, her hands, She had
Three maids, and never soiled them—
Her hands, I mean; nestling whitely
In her lap, or fluttering
The metaphysical air of her Thursdays.
Now I come to think of it,
You have begun to assemble
Conversible conversaziones, conducting them
With hands white as my mother's, or—
Come to think of it again—my linen.

Wife: How like a man! Marry us for what we have not,
And when we have it, praise us
Not for having it
By our own prudence, intelligence and housewifely economy
(We all use Daft now),
But for reminding you of your mothers,
White-handed at the expense of
The chapped, chopped, hang-nailed, discoloured and distorted
Fingers of the Abigails you
Would make of us if we let you.

R. J. P. HEWISON

The Chess Board

No. 318 The Game That Wasn't

The most substantial part of an iceberg is submerged, and its real menace lurks under the surface. Just so the most interesting parts of a game of chess may well remain in the minds of the players and never reach the score-pad. Here's the opening of a game won by A. Y. Green in a recent League match.

(1) P-Q4	Kt-KB3	(5) P-QR4	B-B4
(2) P-QB4	P-B3	(6) Kt-K5	P-K3
(3) Kt-QB3	P-Q4	(7) P-KKt3	B-QKt5
(4) Kt-B3	P x P	(8) Kt x P (c4)!	

Black played (8) . . . Kt-K5 and in due time lost a fairly interesting game. But why didn't he grab a piece by (8) . . . Q-Q4? Evidently he scorned the bait because he saw through a combination a dozen moves deep; here's one of many variations.

(8)	Q-Q4	(14) Q-Kt3 ch	K-K5
(9) Q-Kt3	B x Kt ch	(15) P-B3 ch	Q x P
(10) P x B	Q x R	(16) P x Q ch	K x P
(11) Kt-Q6 ch	K-K2	(17) Q-Q1 ch	K-K5
(12) Q x KtP ch	K x Kt	(18) B-Kt2 ch	K-K6
(13) B-R3 ch	K-Q4	(19) B-B1 mate	

To have a "Readers' Own" in which a former World Champion figures as the sucker must be a very rare event; yet, here is a position which our old friend Walter Heidenfeld achieved against Max Euwe during the latter's recent (and otherwise most successful) tour in South Africa. Heidenfeld's last move had been R-K2, and the grandmaster, for once caught napping, had played the inexplicable Kt-Kt3. He should, of course, have played B-Kt3, so as to avoid the ferocious "bind" which now seals his doom.

(20) B-B1!	B-Q2	(29) P x QP	Kt-R4
(21) R(2)-R2	Q-Kt1	(30) B-R3	R-Q1
(22) P-Kt6	P x KtP	(31) P-K5	Q-B1
(23) B-QKt5	B x B	(32) B-Kt4	Kt-B3
(24) Q x B	Kt(1)-K2	(33) Q-Q5	P x P
(25) Kt-K3	Kt-B1	(34) Kt x P	Kt x Kt
(26) Kt-Q5	Kt(3)-K2	(35) Q x Kt	Q-Kt1
(27) Kt x Kt	Kt x Kt	(36) Q-K7	resigns
(28) P x P	Kt-B3 (best)		

A: Fleischman 1939

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game-position in which White forced the win very neatly. How? The other two pieces are as home-made as they ought to be in a "Readers' Own" week, B (for 6 ladder-points) being a very neat sui-mate in 7. Another well deserved prize goes to a frequent competitor who has chosen the RP as a *nom de plume*. His study—White to win—was inspired by Reti and Mandler; what matters is to lose a tempo and to arrive (after 14 moves) at the basic position, with Black to move. Usual prizes. Entries by November 14.

B: C. J. Morse 1955

C: "Rook's Pawn" 1955

REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 315. Set October 15

A: (1) R-R8 ch, Kt-Kt1; (2) B-B5, K-Kt2; (3) B-Q4 ch, K-B1; (4) B-K5, P x B; (5) P-B7, R-R1; (6) R x Kt ch, K x R; (7) P-Q6, etc.
if (1) . . . K-Kt2; (2) B-Q4 ch, followed by P-B7, etc.

B: (1) B-Q5 ch, R x B ch; (2) K-B6, R-Q1 (QR4); (3) K-B7 (Kt6), etc.
if (1) . . . K-R2; (2) K-B6, R-R3 ch; (3) K-Kt5, R-Q3; (4) K-B5, R-QR3; (5) B-B6, R-QR3; (6) R-K7 ch, K-Kt1; (7) K-Kt6, R-Kt6 ch; (8) B-Kt5, R-K6; (9) R-KR7, R-K3 ch; (10) B-B6, etc.

C: (1) P-Kt7, R-QKt4; (2) R-Q8, B-Kt7; (3) P—Q, R x Q; (4) P-B7!, R-Kt7 ch; (5) K-B1!, R-Kt3; (6) R-Kt8 ch, K-B2; (7) R x B, R-B3 ch; (8) R-QB2, etc.

Many failed to see every subtlety of **B** and/or **C**. Flawless solutions from four of last week's winners and C. Allen, R. C. Chaturvedi, G. S. Fisher and A. J. Roycroft, who share the prizes.

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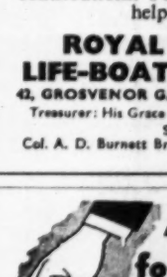

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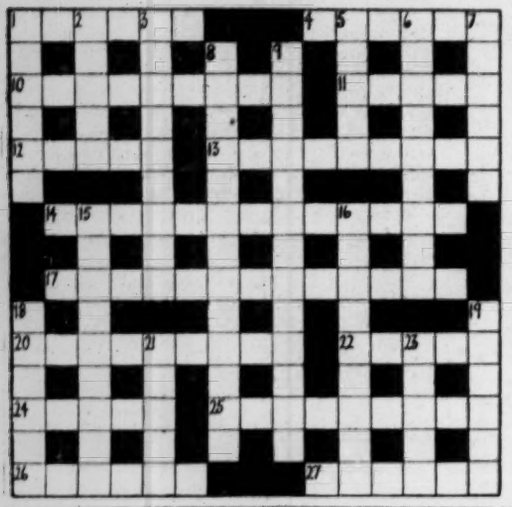
Week-end Crossword No. 177

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 177, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Nov. 15.



ACROSS

1. The learner in the regiment conceals his weaknesses (6).
4. Father's about married, that's plain (6).
10. Gloomy week-end if the muses go away for the day (9).
11. Sounds like a crafty effort in Ireland (5).
12. Plays about birds (5).
13. Out for a ramble we come round and call (9).
14. One who clears the way (13).
17. Town where a pretender takes precedence over the church (13).
20. A dog caught an animal for a powerful rich man (9).
22. Not base coin (5).
24. " Leave Oxford by the town —— " (Spooner) (5).
25. Born to eat with Nazis in poverty (9).
26. Hastier slice (6).
27. One who criticises harshly or raises the roof? (6).

DOWN

1. Rock a sailor up and down (6).
2. Total to declare (5).
3. Cultural centre in the country (9).
5. Part of the church is in the drink (5).
6. " Wine, —— of the completely free " (Belloc) (9).
7. The southern stretch of water is a marsh (6).
8. The mining region often lacks humour and a tonic (13).
9. Wind instruments for brass? (13).
15. Courts provide something to eat during legal proceedings (9).
16. It is necessary for the German town to have its tail twisted (9).
18. Arsenal turn up with a good inside, clever at trapping (6).
19. Vice having been banished, the crocks present a problem (6).
21. Light-weight animal? (5).
23. Without a murmur of hesitation the lowliest become prosperous (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 175

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 175

D. R. Ewen (Khartoum), W. O. I. Allan (Catterick Camp), Mrs. M. Barclay (Norwich).

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

BBC. requires Programme Assistant in Albanian Section. Requirements include thorough knowledge of Albanian and English, ability to translate perfectly (English into Albanian) and to read fluently in Albanian with faultless diction, good microphone voice, ability to write original material, knowledge of contemporary Albania and interest in international affairs. Ability to type in Albanian an advantage. Appointment normally for three years with possibility of extension. Salary £860 with prospects of promotion. Detailed applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within seven days, marked " P.A. Albanian N. Stm." For acknowledgement please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

BBC. requires woman Assistant to Engineering Establishment Officer to be responsible for administration of women technical and all clerical and secretarial staff in Engineering Division, and sick leave administration for all staff in that Division. Duties include occasional visits to all B.B.C. engineering centres. Qualifications, high degree of discretion and judgment, sympathetic understanding of personal problems, administrative experience and preferably experience of interviewing and dealing with staff problems, ability to acquire quickly knowledge of various types of work which women in Engineering Division do. Salary £855 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,115 p.a. maximum. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference " 1332 N.Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, W.1, within 5 days.

CITY of Portsmouth Training College. Principal: Miss D. Dymond, C.B.E., M.A. Required in January, 1956, a man or woman Lecturer in History. Candidates should possess high academic qualifications and good teaching experience, and should be capable of organising a Third-year course in History for men and women students. Salary in accordance with the Training College scale. Application forms and particulars obtainable from the Registrar, College of Technology, Portsmouth. E. G. Barnard, Chief Education Officer.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the appointment of Senior Clinical Psychologist at the Fountain Hospital (800 beds). The work includes teaching and research, the examination of mentally defective children and adults, and investigation of blind, deaf or cerebral palsied children. Salary £875 to £1,205, plus London weighting, and Whitley Council conditions. Applications with details of qualifications and experience and the names of two referees should be sent to the Group Secretary, Fountain Hospital, Tooting Grove, London, S.W.17.

ANTI-Vivisection Society requires male Organiser, aged 25-40. Sincere interest in cause first essential. Must be able to drive, to organise and to speak. Prospects negligible. Please give full details in first letter. Box 823.

SOCIALIST Medical Association seeks office secretary; applications in writing to 86 Rochester Row, London, S.W.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

AUSTRALIA—University of New England, Armidale, New South Wales. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer in History. The Lecturer appointed will be required principally to conduct courses for external (correspondence) students for the B.A. degree. He will also be required to undertake lecturing and tutorial work for internal students, and he will be encouraged to engage in research. Commencing salary will be within the range £A1,200-£A1,750 per annum according to qualifications, with annual increments of £A80. The salary is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The successful applicant will be expected to take up duties as soon as can be arranged after the date of appointment. Finance is available for home purchase under the Staff Housing Scheme. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is December 5, 1955.

PSYCHIATRIC Social Worker required by London County Council for duties in connection with two of the Council's approved schools for boys. The work will mainly involve visiting the boys' homes in London. Whitley Council salary scale for candidates holding approved qualifications—£495 × £15 – £510 × £20 – £550 × £25 – £750, plus London weighting (£20 at 21, £30 at 26). Particulars and application form from Medical Officer of Health (PH/D1/1546), The County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1, returnable by Nov. 21.

BRITISH Hospital for Functional Nervous Disorders, 72 Camden Road, N.W.1. Applications are invited for the post of a fully qualified Psychiatric Social Worker in Sole Charge for five sessions per week. Experienced in work with adults and children, and some psycho-analytical knowledge an advantage. Whitley Council rates of pay and conditions of service. Applications, stating age, qualifications and exp. tog. with names and addresses of two referees, to be forwarded to Administrative Officer immediately.

INTERNATIONAL Labour Office, Geneva Competition No. 132 for the recruitment of an English-language proof reader. This competition is open to male and female candidates, aged 23 to 35 years. Thorough technical training in printing trades. Fully satisfactory working knowledge of English, including complete mastery of English grammar and orthography. Good knowledge of either French or Spanish. For further particulars and application forms apply, enclosing stamped addressed foolscap envelope, to the International Labour Office, 38-39, Parliament St., London, S.W.1. Closing date for receipt of completed applic. forms Nov. 19, 1955.

PERSONAL Assistant to Secretary of National Voluntary Society, first-class shorthand-typist, knowledge of committee work, accustomed to acting on own initiative Res. in N.W. London advantage. Box 878.

SHORTHAND-Typist required for junior secretarial duties in Research and Propaganda Department. Good commencing salary and prospects. Annual salary increases. 5-day week. Pension scheme. Applications to National Union of Bank Employees, 28 Old Queen St., London, S.W.1.

EXPERIENCED secretary shorthand-typist, good education, knowledge German, French, required for Public Relations Dept. of Jewish international organisation. Write full details to Box 833.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

CHILD Welfare Officers. London County Council requires qualified and experienced men and women for engagement as vacancies occur. Salary: £573 15s. rising to £742 10s. Duties include receiving into care, rehabilitation, boarding-out, adoption supervision, after-care and other field-work associated with deprived children. Details and application forms (s.a.e. (f'scap)) from Children's Officer (CH/A1), County Hall, London, S.E.1. Closing date November 19. (1593.)

CASE Work and Employment Officer required by vol. org. dealing with housing and employment of older women. Full details will be sent on application. Box 871.

SENIOR Almoner or Almoner required at Queen Elizabeth Hospital for Children, Shadwell, London, E.1. Apply to Secretary of the Hospital.

ART Student with light crisp touch wanted for occasional work (Posters). Write Box 344, c/o Walter Judd, Ltd., 47 Gresham Street, E.C.2

STEPNEY Family Service Unit requires in January a Secretary (male) able to deal with accounts, minutes, money raising, etc., and interested in work and contacts of small social service group. Further details 71 Vallance Road, E.1.

NATIONAL Publishing House requires journalist experienced in TV features and TV news reporting. Write with full details to Box 954.

FABIAN Society requires Secretary/Shorthand-typist, £6 12s. 6d. p.w. plus increments. 5-day week, 4 weeks' paid holiday. Interesting work. Apply in writing to General Secretary, 11 Dartmouth Street, S.W.1.

EXPERIENCED General Clerk required for Accounts Office. Essential good at figures, capable of working on own initiative. Also Clerk-Typist for general office. Salaries each according to age & exp. under T.U. Agreement. Collet's, 44 Museum St., W.C.1.

SECRETARY/Shorthand-Typist required by Students' Organization, W.C.1. 9.30-5.30. Alternate Sats. £8! Hundreds of jobs like this at Burnett Bureau, 77 Dean St., W.1.

NOT so young and even undeniably elderly applicants (m. & f.) nevertheless do find work through the Stella Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, W.C.2. TRAfalgar 9090.

YOUNG lady, bi-lingual, German, English, to take literary notes once, twice a week. Shorthand not essential. Not week-end or evening. Box 695.

THE Irene Forster Agency, 66 Marchmont St., W.C.1. TERminus 8566. (Conducted by former headmistress). Employment in schools, institutions, associations. Lect. & concert agent for clubs, colleges, schools.

OUR " Hand-Picked " Secretaries get the plum jobs. No fees. Wigmore Agency, 67 Wigmore St., W.1. HUN. 9951/2/3.

ACCLAIMED for over 75 years for personal co-operation! Incomparable selection from thousands superior male/female permanent office staff posts. Temporary posts! Highest fees in London, continual work. Best firms. Ellison Gower Employment Specialists, 147 Oxford St. Per. Dept. GER. 3551/2. Temp. Dept. GER. 9451/2.

ASSISTANT Cook wanted. Cooking for 64 residents & staff. If not used to numbers, training given. Own room, H. & C. & central heating. Excellent salary. Apply with copy of references to the Matron, Jewish Home for the Blind, " Rokefield," Westcott, Nr. Dorking, Surrey.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

CUTLERY & silverware manufacturers have vacancy in London showroom for lady. 5-day week. Box 812.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

GENTLEMAN (aged 40) seeks post, bookshop, office, newspaper. Fluent French, German, Russian. Box 779.

NOT a graduate but with 4 yrs. experience in art world, private secretary seeks similar post where Fr. & Ital. may be used: England, U.S.A., France, Italy. Box 658.

GENTLEMAN sks. MSS/proofrdg., finding authors, spacesellg. work. Box 786.

GERMAN post-graduate (24, f.), very good Eng., exp. journalism, secr., sks. post, pref. teaching, receptionist. Box 785.

EMPLOYERS requiring well-trained junior secretary/shorthand typists are invited to apply to the Langham Secretarial College, 13 Dunraven Street, Park Lane, W.1. Tel. MAYfair 2905.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE Committee of the University Women's Club, 2 Audley Square, London, W.1, is prepared to admit a limited number of new members in January, 1956. The Club contains spacious public rooms, bedrooms available for short periods and offers facilities for members to entertain guests. It is fully licensed. Particulars and forms of application obtainable from the Secretary.

CONTINENTAL chef swears by Rayner's Indian Mango Chutney, the key to meal-time magic. From good grocers everywhere.

LETTICE Ramsey, Photographer (of Ramsey & Muspratt), London Studio, 3 Warwick Gdns., Kensington High St. WES. 1398 (ring mornings if possible).

DEANER Printers, Ltd., for printing of Reports, Pamphlets, Leaflets and all Commercial Stationery, etc. 49 Hackney Rd., London, E.2. 'Phones SHOreditch 3889/6046.

QUAKERISM. Information respecting the faith and practice of the Religious Society of Friends free on application to the Friends Home Service Committee, Friends House, Euston Rd., N.W.1.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept., C20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd., Regent House, Regent St., W.1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We offer also an interesting booklet giving details and fees of our Courses and Criticisms, and success letters from students.

COMPANY meeting at mealtimes will be delighted by the piquancy of Rayner's Mango Chutney. From all good grocers.

TAPE Recorders 15% deposit. All makes. Free H.P. Free Insnce. Dept. J, Howard Photographic, 525 Croydon Rd., Beckenham.

DUREX gloves and all rubber surgical appliances sent under plain cover. Write or call for our free price list now. Fiertag, Dept. NN, 34 Wardour St., London, W.1.

GENUINE wholesale parcels of either 6 ladies' head squares at 37s. 6d. or 4 ladies' stoles at 52s. 6d., all handwoven and beautiful colours. Single samples post free 10s. 6d. and 17s. 6d. Kenneth and Joanna Lambert, Weavers, Frating, Colchester.

SHIRT Repairs. Moderate charges, work of highest standard. Post shirt(s) for free estimate or send for full price list to Joanna, Dept. 32, 26 Southbourne Grove, W. Southbourne, Bournemouth, Hants.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. from p. 600

TO Jewish Socialist Parents! Hashomer Hatzair is starting, this December, its annual Study Course for Jewish Youth between the ages of 15½ and 17, at its Dower House Farm, near Bishop's Stortford, Herts. This course combines General and Jewish studies with Technical and Agricultural instruction in the atmosphere of Modern Pioneering Israel, and lasts for twelve months. Please enquire for further details to: Sec., Hashomer Hatzair, 37 Broadhurst Gardens, N.W.6. Maida Vale 1993.

DARTINGTON Music School, Director of Music, John Clements, F.R.C.O., provides a full-time general musical education for performers and teachers, with individual tuition in voice and instruments. In being residential the School offers exceptional facilities for chamber music, ensemble playing and choral singing. Scholarships are awarded. Prospectus from the Secretary, The Arts Centre, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S. Devon.

MARLBOROUGH Gate Secretarial College offers an intensive secretarial training to Graduates and other well-educated girls. Small classes, expert tutors, individual attention, excellent results. Languages and foreign shorthand. Private Secretarial posts obtained. Interview by appointment only. Prospectus from Principal, Mrs. M. K. Monypenny, Lès L., 62 Bayswater Road, London, W.2.

GIRLS who wish to perfect their languages with a view to working abroad are recommended to train at St. Godric's College for Secretaries and Linguists, where they will have excellent facilities for studying both languages and secretarial work and for meeting students from all over the world. Intensive Courses for univ. graduates. Day and residential students. Canteen. Apply J. W. Loveridge, M.A.(Cantab.), St. Godric's College, 2 Arkwright Rd., London, N.W.3.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages and School of English for Foreign Nationals, 63 Oxford St., W.1. Tel. GERrard 8531-2. All foreign languages taught in day and evening classes or private lessons; beginners and all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or Long Courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

FOREIGN Languages. New term private & class tuition daily 9 a.m.-9 p.m. London Schools for Languages, 20/21 Princes St., Hanover Sq., W.1. MAY. 2120.

TOUCH-typing and/or Pitman's Shorthand Private tuition. BAYswater 1786.

INTENSIVE individual training in secretarial subjects for graduates and others, 6 months' and 14 weeks' courses begin at frequent intervals. Davies, White Lodge, 2 Addison Road, W.14 (Tel. PARk 8392).

READING Efficiency Courses for business executives, research workers, civil servants. Particulars from North-Western Polytechnic, Prince of Wales Rd., London, N.W.5.

POSTAL tuition for G.C.E.; Lond. Univ. Degrees & Diplomas; Law, Professional exams. Mod. fees. Prosp. from C. D. Parker, M.A. LL.D., Dept. VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

SHORTHAND-typing, courses, mornings, beg. Jan. 1956. N.-Western Polytechnic, Prince of Wales Rd., N.W.5. GUL. 1154.

POSTAL courses in Playwriting, Theatre history, costume, Make-up, etc. Stagecraft Centre, 10 Gt. Newport St., W.C.2.

EVENING Classes: drawing & painting in large studio at the Byam Shaw School, Campden St., Kensington, W.8 (PARk 4711). Tues. & Wed., 7-9.30, individ. lessons from models, still-life, flowers, etc.: Thurs., 7.30-9.30, practice sessions from the model without tuition. Students may join at any time.

ST. Peter's Loft, St. Ives, Cornwall. Fine Art training studio and workshop. Peter Lanyon—William Redgrave—Terry Frost. Drawing, Painting, Portraiture, Still Life, Abstraction, Landscape, Preparation of materials, Lectures. Accommodation arranged.

JUDO. Ju-Jitsu. 2 mins. Hammersmith Tube. Courses for beginners under Percy Sekine 4th dan. Enqs., pers. callers welc. Judokan London, Latymer Ct., Hammersmith Rd., W.6. RIV. 1282, SLO. 8444.

FIRST-class piano teacher, prof. of the Vienna Academy, accepts beginner and advanced pupils. EUS. 3466, Ext. 63.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

TYPING. MSS and Theses expertly typed. Specialists for obscure handwriting. Dutton's Secretarial Service, 92 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. Tel. MUS. 7379.

MILDRED Furst. 7 years' experience. Theses, scientific and "difficult" work a speciality. Typing and Duplicating executed personally or "expressed" by arrangement. 267 Goldhurst Terrace, N.W.6. MAL. 7479.

FAULTLESS Typing for the discriminating writer. Highly recommended by Famous Authors. Novels, Plays, Poetry, etc. Editing by expd. writer. Dorothy Shirley, 138 Green Lane, Edgware, Middx. STO. 6020.

ABBEY Secretarial Bureau, 157 Abbey House, Victoria St., S.W.1 (ABB. 3772). First-class typing. Rapid duplicating, circularising, theses, testimonials, etc.

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations, 24-hour duplicating service, 31 Kensington Church St., London, W.8. WEStern 5809.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS—continued

MRS. Jolly will type or duplicate it for you. 26 Charing Cross Rd., W.C.2. TEM. 5588 and FRE. 8640.

EXPERT Dupg./Typing. Theses, MSS, Plays. Miss Stone, 446 Strand. TEM 5984.

MABEL Eyles Duplicating and Secretarial Agency, 395 Hornsey Rd., N.19 (ARC. 1765/MOU. 1701). First-class typing/duplicating/verbatim reporting.

DUPLICATING; as clear and attractive as print; and of course we type anything expertly. Speedy, inexpensive. The Hampstead Secretarial Bureau, 2a Downshire Hill, N.W.3. HAM. 8879.

DUPLICATING/typing/verbatim reporting by expert freelance. BAY. 1786.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

CAMBORNE Hotel, 61-63, Leinster Sq., W.2. 'Phone BAY. 4886. Charming comfortable service rms., with board, reasonable.

LONDON. York House Private Hotel, 27 Philbeach Gardens, Earls Court, S.W.5. Tel. FRO. 7579. B. & B. from 15s. daily.

HAMPSTEAD. Attractive small divan-room Georgian house facing Heath. Gas fire, rings, linen. Use bath, 'phone. Suitable young prof. man or woman; 2*gns*. Box 876.

BUILT as flatlet in new house, charm. furn. Built-in wardrobe, concealed ckg. fac., constant h.w., basin, full service, linen. Prof./business lady. 3*gns*. BAY. 4617.

FURN. B/sit., dble./sgle. H. & C., all convs. £3 p.w. Suit ladies. GLA. 3998.

TO let. Furn. flatlet, lge. sunny room, kit., use bath. tel. Newly dec. Box 853.

N.W.2. Attractively furn. double divan rm. H. & C. basin in rm. Share kit. & bath. incl. linen & cutlery. WIL. 2910.

HAMPSTEAD. Single balcony rm. overl. garden, Ckg. facs., washbas., H. & C. Use bath, 'phone. Good-class acc. in author's house, nr. buses. 'Phone HAM. 7428.

CONGENIAL atmosphere grad. hsehold., single room. 45*s*. 6*d*. HAMpstead 8109.

CHARMING room to let. Furnished, in well-appointed neighbourhood. Suit young lady. Ring MAI. 4912.

WELL-furn. bed-sit., private flat 2 mins. Notting Hill Gate. H. & c., ckg. fac. Tel. & linen. Business person. Box 916.

FROGNAL furn. flat top flr., not s/c, 2 lge. light rms., balcony, kt./bthrm. H.w., mod. gas-fires, 6*gns*. p.w. HAM. 2051.

BACH. offers room s/c flat Lancaster Gate. Bath, ph., din.-kit. Reas. Box 949.

HIGHGATE: Lux. divan-rms., close buses and tube. New contemp. furn., concealed ckr., use k., b., 'phone. 63*s*. MOU. 9610.

ADAPTABLE bachelor (50) out all day, shs. 2 unfurn./partly furn. rms., some serv., Winchmore Hill/Enfield area. Box 830.

GRADUATE engineer reqs. B/S., with cooking facils. in West London. Box 804.

FURN. flat or part flat wanted. 1 or 2 rooms, kitchen. London. Box 784.

YOUNG man, 28, wishes to share a flat with another, Ealing, Hampstead or Central district. Box 692.

PROPERTIES TO LET AND WANTED

NEAR Finchley Rd. Underground Station. Newly dec. 2nd-floor furn. flat, 3 rms. & kit., share bathrm. 4½*gns*. p.w. Box 796.

ALDEBURGH, Suffolk. Furnished labour-saving flat for 4; also maisonette for 6, both cent. heated, 4*gns*. each. Lady C., 18 Kens. Park Gdns., W.11. PARk 4710.

WANTED F. flat 2 b., s.r., kit., bath, tel. Hampstead, St. John's Wd., Chelsea dist. Dec. 1-Mar. 31. State rent to Box 653.

TEACHER (f) reqs. unf. flat, N. London. Quiet, reliable tenant. Refs. Box 738.

SCHOOLMASTER, marrying shortly, requires furn. flat, N. London. Reas. rent. Good tenants. Box 925.

IMPECUNIOUS yng. couple, must move Nov. 19, sk. small flat f./pt. f. Chelsea area. Bungay, 93 Queen's Gate, S.W.7.

WHERE TO STAY

QUAKER Guest House, Jordans, Beaconsfield. You can find warmth, peace, quiet here. Not restricted to Quakers.

OLD Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead. Live in the country even if you have to work in town. Comfort, good food, fresh air and excellent train service. A friendly club. Sharpthorne 17.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 20 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure, Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sussex. Tel. Robertsbridge 126. Book now for Xmas.

IDEAL for late Autumn holidays. "Chantry Mead," Hatfield Heath, Nr. Bishop's Stortford (Hatfield Heath 263), offers good food, comf., warmth, delightful surroundings.

ST. IVES, Cornwall. Accommodation in artists' house. Redgrave, 1 Island Rd.

XMAS vacancies. Highfield Veget. Guest Hse., The Heads, Keswick. Tel. 508.

WHERE TO STAY—continued

CASTLE Priory, Wallingford, Berks—charming riverside mansion with amenities of modern hotel on one of most beautiful reaches of the Thames. Extensive lawns and gardens. Ideal for restful holidays and quiet week-ends. Open all year. Winter terms—October to May—from £4 10*s*. per week, excluding Christmas, Easter and Whitsun. Wallingford 2261.

SWITZERLAND, Montreux. Spend winter in sunshine and comfort. Pension from Frs. 16. Particulars: Hotel Régina.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

MANDRAKE'S Eleventh Issue contains "Hawthorne and 'The Deeper Psychology,'" by Marius Bewley, a long short story by George P. Elliott, "How to Read a Poem" (III), by A. Alvarez, poems by John Miles, Geoffrey Hazard & Charles Tomlinson. Selected Notices by D. S. Savage, Richard Sleight, Francis Fergusson, Marianne Wain, John Roberts, D. M. Thompson. Correspondence: W. Empson & Geoffrey Strickland. Gramophone Notes. 96 pp., price 2*s*. 6*d*. Order from your bookseller or direct from 44 Cholmley Gardens, London, N.W.6.

WHAT now for "Labour After Margate"? A brilliant study of new trends by R. Palme Dutt in the November Labour Monthly. Also articles on "Automation and Socialism," the Soviet Union's peace policy, Ivor Montagu on developments amongst colonial peoples, and further Unpublished Letters by Engels. Order 1*s*. 6*d*. all newsagents. Or 9*s*. for half-year's postal subscription from N.S., 134 Ballards Lane, London, N.3.

WISE Investment follows wise reading. Weigh up prospects by reading the Investors' Chronicle, the best-informed and widest read financial weekly. Two issues free from 56 Investors' Chronicle House, 11 Grocers' Hall Court, London, E.C.2.

"HEALTHY Childhood," by Jessie R. Thomson. Kindly guidance from infancy through school age. By post 8*s*. from Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

GERMAN literature bought & sold. Continental Book Supply, 24 Whitechurch Lane, E.1. Postal business only. MOU. 1482.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms; Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

WE buy libraries of any description; particularly on Left movements & Russia. The Hammersmith Bkshop., W.6. RIV. 6807.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

SERIOUS Books on Philosophy, Oriental Philosophy, History, Occultism, Theology wanted secondhand. Send lists with dates of publication to Armstrong & Groeber, 133 North End Rd., London, N.W.11.

SCHOOLS

BOARDING School for boys and girls from four years. Happy surroundings. Recognised as efficient by the Ministry of Education. Thanet House School, Callis Court Rd., Broadstairs.

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, Hampstead. Co-education 3 to 18. Full or weekly boarding and day school. Headmaster, James Cunningham East, M.A.

PERSONAL

PROF. musical couple offer furn. flat, suitable 2, in return woman's services. Mother's help. PER. 1034.

ENGLISH: Teaching in style and grammar reqd. by foreigner; evening lessons in North West area by qualified and experienced teacher. Box 827.

SIAMESE kittens for sale. To be seen in London. Box 426.

FINE wire-haired fox terrier pups, £3 & £4. 10 Primrose Gdns. N.W.3. PRI. 0029.

SWEDISH girl student wants post in family, mornings only. Box 952.

DESIGN and Style in Dress: Nov. 25-27, for creative inquiry and planning (men as well as women), at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon.

WINTER Sports. Switzerland by Air. A small party, personally conducted, departs Jan. 7 for 2 weeks, staying in Zermatt. Fully inclusive 1st class hotel, etc., 47*gns*. Cathedral Touring Agency. HOU. 7711. Ext. 942.

READING or writing in a foreign language is all very well, but can you talk? Short intensive courses in all languages at The Mentor, 11 Charing Cross Road, W.C.2. TRA. 2044.

ABBATT Toys are thought out for each child. See them at toyshop, 94 Wimpole St., W.1, or in Christmas List "Right Toy for Every Age."

GUITAR Lessons. Chesnakov, 48a, Cathcart Rd., S.W.10. FLA. 4354.

TRAIN as Home/Continental Couriers. Stamp for partics. H. & C. Couriers (1), 26 Mayfair Ave., Bexleyheath, Kent.

SHORT Story Writing. Send 2½*d*. for "Stories that Sell Today" (a special bulletin) & prospectus world-famous course. Regent Institute (B/191), Palace Gate, W.8.

GRAMMAR School Entrance. A special home study course for parents wishing help their children with the State Examination. Write E.M.I. Institutes, Dept. N9.51.P., London, W.4. (Associated with H.M.V.)

PERSONAL—continued

FREE Film shows of Norway Winter Sports and Summer holiday films. Newport, Nov. 7, Swansea, Nov. 8, Cardiff, Nov. 9, Cheltenham, Nov. 10, Nottingham, Nov. 11. Following week Kendal, Redcar, Lancaster, Stockton, Darlington. More to come, including the south. Details from Ramblers' Association (Film Shows Dept.) 48 Park Rd., London, N.W.1.

WINTER Sports. Join a cheerful Christmas/New Year ski-ing party in Austria or Switzerland or a January party at reduced rates. Easy direct travel with couchettes (19*s*.) or Snow Sport Sleepers (1*gn*.). 13 days' holiday from 23½*gns*., 16 days from 25*gns*. Erna Low, 47 (NS) Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

FILM Training Unit. Full prof. training. Group Two now forming. Heatherleys, 33 Warwick Square, S.W.1. VIC. 6077.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

THE Royal, Stratford, E.15. "The Good Soldier Schweik." Tue.-Fri. 7.45. Sats. 5.30 & 8.30. MARyland 5973.

TOWER Theatre, Canonbury, Canonbury Place, Islington, N.1. CAN. 5111. Tavistock Repertory Co. presents tonight Fri. and tomorrow last 2 performances "The Living Room." Next production "The Petrified Forest" by Robert Sherwood, Fri. 11, Sat. 12, Sun. 13 (mems. only), Thurs. 17, Fri. 18, Sat. 19, at 7.30. Seats 2s., 3s. 6d., 5s. all bookable Box Office 9-6, CAN. 3475; 7-10, CAN. 5111.

ARTS, Tem. 3334. Com. Tu., Nov. 8, 7.15, Sat., Sun. 5 & 8. Komuso. Mems.

NEW Lindsey, BAY. 2512. 8 p.m. (ex. Mon.), Sunday 5 & 8. "The Short Spring." a new comedy by Toni Block. Mems.

EMPRESS Hall, FUL. 1212. Commencing November 8, 8.15, Saturday, 3 & 8.15, Russia's greatest Dance Company Moiseyev.

ASIAN Music Circle (Pres.: Yehudi Menuhin). (a) Music & Dances of China by members of visiting "Peking Opera" Company, under patronage of Mr. Huan Hsiang, Chinese Chargé d'Affaires. Thurs., Nov. 10, at 12.45 (Lunch-Hour Concert) at Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1 (nr. Holborn Tube Stn.). (b) Ram Gopal, famous Indian Dancer. Three Recitals on Wed., Nov. 16, at 8 p.m., and on Sat., Nov. 19, matinée at 2.30 and evening at 8, at French Institute, Queensberry Place, S.W.7 (nr. Sth. Ken. Tube Stn.). A.M.C. functions are open only to members & guests. Ann. mem. 7s. 6d., students 2s. 6d. Further inf. from Sec., A.M.C., 18 Fitzalan Rd., London, N.3. (FIN. 2934.)

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Until Nov. 6: "My Universities" (U). From Nov. 7: "Citizen Kane" (A).

ROXY Repertory Cinema, BAY 2345, Nov. 6, Dany Robin, "Henriette" (A) Fr.

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. WAT. 3232. Sat., Nov. 5. Joseph Cotten in "Shadow of a Doubt" (A). Dir.: Alfred Hitchcock. 2, 4, 6, 8. Open to public.

UNITY. Eus. 5391. Last week-end of "The Road to Life." Fri., Sat., Sun. at 7.45. Mems. Don't miss it!

OPERA Circle. Mozart's "L'Oca del Cairo" intro. by Robert Elkin with City Opera Club, 8 p.m. 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1, Sun., Nov. 6. Partics.: Sec. WES. 7513.

EWAN McColl sings. Sat., Nov. 5 at 8. Refrs. Dancing. Bar. 78 Regents Park Rd., N.W.1. Chalk Farm Tube. 3s.

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. Sat., Nov. 5. Dancing to Don Simmons Group. Membs. 3s., their guests 5s. Membership invited.

GRAND Dance. Don Raine Young Trio. Members' Bar, etc. Sat., Nov. 5, 8-11. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. 3s. 6d.

LA Cage, Licensed Club. Dancing week-ends. Open daily. Mems. now invited. 137 Finchley Road, Swiss Cottage, N.W.3.

THIS advert. deserves a good glance. It refers to the Fabian dance. Remember, remember the 5th of November, Make a note & don't leave it to chance. 6 Queen Sq., W.C.1. 8-11.30. Adm. 3s. 6d. Holborn U.

THE Continental Club, 15 Baker St., W.1, holds Dances every Thursday and Saturday from 8 p.m., and has foreign language classes every Tuesday from 8.15 p.m. Unique continental atmosphere. For partics., write Sec. or 'phone GLA. 2987.

CONCERTS

BACH Concert. London Harpsichord Ensemble. Royal Festival Hall Recital Room. Sat., Nov. 12, at 8.15. WAT. 3191.

ROBERT Masters Piano Trio. Beethoven programme. Op. 70, No. 1; Op. 121a; Op. 97 (Archduke). Royal Festival Hall Recital Rm., Sat., Nov. 5, 8.15 (WAT. 3191).

CECILE Dolmetsch, Arts Council, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Sat., Nov. 12, 7 p.m. Tkts. Chappells, New Bond St. MAY. 1177.

DUTCH Concerts. Sun., Nov. 6, at 3. Wigmore Hall. Rontgen 4tet, Neily Wagenaar piano. Haydn, Schubert, Badings. Wed., Nov. 9, at 8. R.B.A. Galleries. Kees Otten recorder, Jaap Spigt harpsichord. Mgt. N. Choveaux.

THE following free concerts will be held at the Horniman Museum, London Rd., Forest Hill, S.E.23, on Wednesday evenings at 7.45 p.m. November 9: Dances and Music of the 16th Century. A talk, with demonstrations in costume, on some early dances of England, France and Italy, on which present-day ballet forms are based. Nathalie Dolmetsch. Music directed by Carl Dolmetsch, C.B.E. November 16: Classical Indian Music, vocal and instrumental, arranged by Mrs. S. Warran. Three Dances from Manipur. Vasanti Asirvatham Selver. November 23: Wood-wind Music of the 18th and Early 19th Centuries on Instruments of the Period, James MacGillivray, oboe and clarinet; Richard Tayler, recorder and flute; Alan Cave, bassoon; Joan Rimmer, Harpsichord and piano. November 30: Wood-wind Music of the late 19th and 20th Centuries, Aubrey Johnson, oboe; Peter Allen, clarinet; Val Kennedy, bassoon; Leonard Rafter, piano. Seats may be reserved at any of these concerts on application to the curator. (1329.)

CONCERTS—continued

HAYDN'S "Orfeo ed Euridice." 1st Brit. perf. of opera, pres. by Impresario Society, Cond. Hans Ucko. St. Pancras Town Hall, Nov. 14, 7.30. 10s. 6d. to 3s. 6d. from Hall & Chappell's.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. 6d., post free.

STEUBEN Glass Exhibition. Designs by Epstein, Sutherland, Dobson, Piper, Matisse, Cocteau, etc. Park Lane House (facing Dorchester Hotel entrance). Wkdays., 10-7, Sun., 1-7.

SPENCER F. Gore, an Exhibition of Paintings & Drawings. Drawings by Stanley Spencer. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till Dec. 3. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats. 10-6, Tues., Thurs. 10-8. Ad. 1s. to both exhibs. Drawings by Stanley Spencer closed Thurs. & Fri. Nov. 17 & 18. Spencer F. Gore closed Thurs. 17 only.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover Street, W.1. Aspects of Schizophrenic Art. Opening November 10, Mon.-Friday 10.30-6. Sat. 10.30-1. Adm. 6d.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30, Bruton St., W.1. French XIX and XX Century Paintings, Drawing & Bronzes. Daily 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Opening Nov. 8: Albert Lebourg (1849-1928), peintre paysagiste.

MICROCOSM—The World in Miniature by Alan Smith. An Exhibition for the toy-loving connoisseur at Primavera, 149 Sloane St., S.W.1, Nov. 8-21. Open 10-5, including Saturdays.

THE Coffee House, 3 Northumberland Ave. Donald Fisher until Nov. 20.

IMPERIAL Institute S.W.7. Paintings of India by Harry Baines. Nov. 12-27. Weekdays. 10-4.30, Sundays, 2.30-6.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. New Acquisitions—French Masters of the 19th and 20th Centuries. Bonnard, Corot, Delacroix, Matisse, Picasso, Renoir, Van Gogh, etc. Opens Nov. 9. Daily 10-5, Sats. 10-12.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Sculpture by Michael Werner. Drawings by Maréchal. 10-5.30, Saturdays 10-1.

ARCHER Gallery, 303 Westbourne Grove, W.11. Paintings & drawings by Austin Osman Spare. Till Nov. 26. Tues.-Sat., 10-5, Sun. 2-5.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. Ruszkowski: Venetian Paintings; Hayden: 1st English Exhibition.

A.I.A. Gallery, 15 Lisle St., Leics. Sq. Frank Avray Wilson, Recent Paintings. Until Nov. 17. Open 11-6, inc. Sats.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. Romantic Landscapes by James Bailey; Recent Landscapes by William Henderson; Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Closes Nov. 26.

ARCADE Gallery, 28 Old Bond St. Renaissance & Baroque Bozzetti, Oil Sketches from Italy, France and Germany. 10-5, Sat. 10-1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibitions: The Story of Pharmacy; Child Welfare Through the Ages; The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Mon.-Friday. Adm. Free.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George St., W.1. Paintings by Hans Tisdall. Priv. View Tues., Nov. 8, 3 p.m. Until Dec. 3.

LONDON Group Members (Exhibition) Nov. 10-Dec. 9, this year, at Whitechapel Art Gallery, adj. Aldgate East Underground Stn. Tues.-Sat., 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. Sun.: 2-6 p.m. Closed Mon. Adm. free.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. The Henry Moore, Merlyn Evans and Denis Mathews Exhibitions. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queens Gdns., W.2. Pub. lect. Sun. 8 p.m. Nov. 6. The Elder Brothers of Humanity.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

"THE Bomb—Challenge & Answer" (Batsford 25s.). "A blue print for survival . . ." James Cameron ("News Chronicle"). Hear the authors, Bertrand Russell, Lord Beveridge, Prof. Alex. Haddow, Henry Usborne, M.P., Gilbert McAllister with the Rt. Hon. Clement Davies, Q.C., M.P., presiding, at Central Hall, Westminster, Wed., Nov. 9, at 6.30 for 7 p.m. Admission free. Reserved seats 2s. 6d., from Parliamentary Association for World Government, 21 Hampstead Lane, Highgate Village, N.6.

NEW Horizons for International Co-operation. W. P. Watkins, B.A., "International Aid: Aims and programme of the International Co-operative Alliance," Wed., Nov. 9, 7.30. Swedenborg Hall, Bloomsbury Way, W.C.1. Free. London Co-operative Societies' Joint Education Committee.

INSTITUTE of Social Psychiatry. Brains Trust on Capital Punishment. Hampstead Town Hall at 8.15 p.m. Tuesday, November 8, at 8.15 p.m. Question Master: Lady Cynthia Colville. Team: Geoffrey de Freitas, Gerald Gardiner, Col. Gomme-Duncan, Dr. Jack Hobson, Howard Wiltshire. Ad. free.

CONWAY Discussion Circle, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussion in the Library on Tuesday, Nov. 8, at 7.15 p.m. Eric Baker, "Problems of a Power Age." Adm. free. Collection.

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Rd, W.8, 6 p.m. Nov. 12. Mme. Marie-Louise Hemphill (Alliance Française): "La Tour Eiffel et traditions parisiennes."

BRITISH Phrenological Society Inc. Free public lecture. Speaker J. W. Marshall, F.B.P.S., 2.30, Sat., Nov. 12. Memorial Hall, Farringdon St., E.C.4.

"ART Galleries & Museums in U.S.S.R." Mr. G. Bemrose, Curator, Stoke-on-Trent Art Gallery. Visited U.S.S.R. Aug., 1955. Chair, John Irwin. Thurs., Nov. 10, 7.30. At S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. Adm. 1s. 6d. (S.C.R. 1s.)

E. P. THOMPSON speaks on his recent book "William Morris," at Collet's Exhibition Gallery, 45 Museum St., W.C.1. Tuesday, November 15, at 6.30 p.m. Tickets 1s. from Collet's.

CEDRIC Belfrage, Monica Whately, D. N. Pritt & Prof. Bernal on "The Rosenbergs—a Re-Assessment"; Tu. Nov. 15, 7.30, Conway Hall. Tkts 1s. at door or Rosenberg C'ttee., 242 Willesden Lane, N.W.2.

ANGLO-German Association: Professor W. H. Bruford, Professor of German in the University of Cambridge on "The Trend of German Thought in the 19th and 20th Centuries." Thursday, November 10 at Caxton Hall, Westminster, at 6.30 p.m.

MRS. A. Willett: "Changing Pattern of Family Life." New Generation Group, Burgh House, Well Walk, nr. Hampstead Tube Stn., Mon., Nov. 7, at 8.

PERSONALIST Group. Paul Senft on "Psycho-Drama" (with spontaneous participation of the audience), Conway Hall, Thurs., Nov. 10, 7.30 p.m.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Swami Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall (near Holborn Tube Stn.), Thurs., Nov. 10, 7.30: "Practical Vedanta." On Sundays at 5 at Centre, 68 Dukes Ave., N.10: Meditation & Discourse. All welcome.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High Street, W.8. Sunday, November 6, 6.30 Music & Readings. 7 p.m. H. J. Blackham: "The Public Interest."

"ANIMALS and Men," Nov. 25-27 at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon (N. Glaister, with B. Druitt and Peter Turner). Send p.c. for details.

INDIAN Inst. of Culture, London Br., Fri., 8.30, Nov. 11. Speakers on "Abolition of Capital Punishment." 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2, off Leinster Sq.

DR. W. E. Swinton, Ph.D., "Joseph Priestley; Scientist and Moralist." Nov. 6, 11 a.m. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Adm. free. Free copy Monthly Record on request. Chamber Concert 6.30 p.m. Adm. 1s. 6d. Handbills on request.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

JOHN Strachey, M.P., speaks on Wed. Nov. 9 in Fabian Autumn Lecture Series, 7.15 at Livingstone Hall, Westminster (opposite St. James's Park Tube Stn.). Tickets 2s. at door or from 11 Dartmouth Street, S.W.1.

I.C.A., 17 Dover Street, W.1. Thurs., November 10, 8.15. Illus. lecture: The Art of Wyndham Lewis, by Charles Handley-Read. Chair.: Lawrence Alloway. Members 3s. Guests 4s. Membership invited.

THE Shakespeare Fellowship. Mr. Christmas Humphreys will cross-examine claimants for the 17th Earl of Oxford as Shakespeare. Alpine Club, 74 S. Audley St., W.1. Nov. 8 at 8 p.m. Adm. 2s.

CAPITAL Punishment: Great Public Meeting, Central Hall, Westminster, Thursday, November 10, 7.30 p.m. Speakers: Frank Byers, Canon L. John Collins, Gerald Gardiner, Q.C., Gilbert Harding, Christopher Hollis, H. Montgomery Hyde, M.P., Cdr. Sir Stephen King-Hall, Frank Owen, R. T. Paget, Q.C., M.P., Lord Pakenham, J. B. Priestley. Chairman: Victor Gollancz. Phenomenal demand: write now for tickets (6d.) to National Campaign for the Abolition of Capital Punishment, 14 Henrietta St., London W.C.2. A few free seats at door.

MALAYAN war costs British Taxpayer £65 million annually! Mass meeting to support negotiated peace and independence for Malaya. Speakers: Stan Aubery, M.P., Harold Davies, M.P., Bob Edwards, M.P., Wan Mamid, Miss Lim, Ram Pande (India). Trafalgar Square. Sunday, November 13, 2 p.m. Movement for Colonial Freedom.

YOUNG Realists: a Symposium. Leading Young Realists discuss their work. Morris Room, 78 Regents Park Rd., N.W.11. 8 p.m. Sun., November 13. Adm. 1s. Arranged by Communist Party Artists Group.

"PROSPECTS of Peace." Public meeting, Tuesday, Nov. 15, 7.30 p.m. Livingstone Hall, Broadway, Westminster. Speakers include: Rt. Hon. James Griffiths, M.P., Rev. Clifford Macquire and others. Admission free. National Peace Council, 29 Great James St., London W.C.1.

WAR-Threat to Israel. Public Meeting arranged by Poale Zion, Jewish Socialist Labour Party. Tues., Nov. 8, 8 p.m. Stoke Newington Library Hall, Church St., N.16. Speakers: Sydney Silverman, M.P., David Weitzman, Q.C., M.P., Miss Rena Langer, Pioneer Women. Harold Miller, Hon. Sec., P.Z.; Chair: Sydney Goldberg, Political Sec., P.Z. Adm. free.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns., W.11. PAR. 7379. Every Fri. 6.30 p.m. Russian conversation and dramatic group; 8 p.m. Lecture, Nov. 4: J. H. Keep, "Russia and China." Nov. 11: A. Devi Angadi, "Russia through Indian Eyes."

"SOVIET Psychology Today." New Soviet film on Pavlovian methods in Psychology & Medicine. Dr. B. Kirman answers questions. Fri. Nov. 11 at 8. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. Adm. 1s. 6d. (S.C.R. 1s.)

PROF. Gordon Childe lectures on "The Contributions to the Archaeology of Eurasia from the U.S.S.R. and the People's Democracies." Thurs., Nov. 10, 6.30. Collet's Exhib. Rm., 45 Museum St., W.C.1.

MARXISM in the Atomic Age—3 lectures. Hampstead Town Hall. Mon. Nov. 7, 8 p.m. 1.—J. R. Campbell. "Profit-Sharing, Automation and all that." Admission 6d.

YOGA of Self Knowledge. Special series talks, Sat. Nov. 12, 3-5 p.m. Seymour Hall, Seymour Pl., W.1. Arr. Shanti Sadan.

PACIFIST Universalist Service. 3.30 Sun., Nov. 6. King's Weigh Hse. Church, Binney St., W.1. Nr. Bond St. Stn. Discourse, Pandit Usharbuda Arya: Above the Names.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

"FOUNDATIONS of Modern Jewish Life." 3 Lectures by Abram Spiro, M.A., Ph.D. (Columbia): Sundays, Nov. 13 & 27 and Dec. 18 at 3.30 p.m. Liberal Jewish Synagogue, 28 St. John's Wood Road, N.W.8 (opp. Lord's Cricket Ground). All welc.

"MASS Communication," its dangers and potentialities. Progressive League week-end conference, Lodge Hill, Pulborough, Sussex. December 2-4. Guest chairmen: Kenneth Walker, Frederick Laws. Speakers: Edgar Anstey (films), Tom Hopkinson (print), Elkan Allan (broadcasting), John Allen (theatre). Film show. Non-members' fees, £3 inclusive. Apply: Mrs. J. Armstrong, 121 Honor Oak Park, S.E.23.

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